

CURRENT OPINION



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PRAYING TO ALLAH FOR WAR OR PEACE?

At twilight in the Moslem deserts, millions of these worshipers of Mohammed and followers of Mustapha Kemal think dark thoughts of "Infidel" Europe.



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AN AMBASSADOR WHO MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE AN "ERRAND BOY"

Col. George Harvey, summoned from London to confer with President Harding on the European situation, has declined to confer openly with the American public.



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ENEMIES OF THE IRISH FREE STATE RESPECT HIM AS ITS FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL
Timothy Healy, one-time enemy of Britain in the home-rule struggle, promises to be a "just governor"
rather than "just a governor."



SENATOR JAMES COUZENS, ONCE HENRY FORD'S PARTNER, DENIES THEIR POLITICAL RIVALRY

However, intimates this multimillionaire successor to ex-Senator Newberry, of Michigan, Mr. Ford would make a "silver" of a President.



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THIS NEW GOVERNOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE WEARS A SMILE, A FEZ AND A MEDAL
At the same time, General Rafet Pasha shouts "Turkey for the Turks." as the Ku-Kluxers shout
"America for Americans"



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THE NEWEST, YOUNGEST AND MOST "DEMOCRATIC" JUSTICE OF THE U. S.
SUPREME COURT

Pierce Butler, of Minnesota, successor to Justice Day, also is called its "strongest" member, in view of his powerful physique and his fighting record.

What do you mean?



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DAY BY DAY HE IS COMING TO LIKE AMERICA BETTER

Emile Coué goes Pastor Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," one better as a French missionary who preaches a drugless doctrine.



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A JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AFTER UNCLE SAM'S OWN HEART
Vice-Foreign Minister Matsano Hanihara, who arrives in Washington this month, was prominent at the Arms Conference and forgives California, in admiring America.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Silent Letters — Twelve out of every hundred English letters on a printed page are silent letters, according to the estimate of statisticians.

The cost of printing these useless symbols approaches \$37,500,000 a year for the English-speaking peoples.

Here is an argument in favor of phonetic spelling based on economic grounds, to supplement the argument that a phonetic language is infinitely easier for everyone, native-born or foreigner, to master. Phonetic spelling would not only save mental effort, but money as well.

While they are working on the problem of economizing printer's ink, these statisticians might figure out the cost to the English-speaking peoples of redundancy, tautology, repetition and dullness per annum.

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Empire or Commonwealth—Another landmark is likely to vanish in the next few months. The British Empire is thinking of calling itself, instead, the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This use of the term "Commonwealth" is more ancient than at first appears. Massachusetts was the "Commonwealth of Massachusetts" as far back as the Pilgrim fathers. Australia, from very early times, has been a "Commonwealth"

—and in this case as in all cases of its use the term means that all persons share in this "common wealth" of land upon the earth's crust.

With use the designation has grown in dignity and value until today it would be hard indeed to find a more mouth-filling, soul-satisfying title for the revised and modernized British Empire than the one proposed—the British Commonwealth of Nations. There's a fine smack of democracy about it, and world fellowship and Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

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Japan to Go Dry?—David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University, has just returned from a three months' tour of Japan. On his arrival in San Francisco he made the prediction that the Japanese people would vote their country dry within a few years.

Social and industrial leaders are working hard to bring about prohibition. A retired Tokio merchant, Sbyo Zu Aoki, influenced by Dr. Jordan's story of the assistance given the cause of prohibition by a Stanford department of alcoholic research, donated \$50,000 to endow a similar chair in a Japanese university.

Saki-drinking, like the feuds of the Samurai, is probably doomed to become part of the departed past of Japan.



HIS NEW SIGN

—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

France De-Militarizes! — Recent figures from official Paris as to reduction in French armed forces and in appropriations for military purposes should inspire optimism.

M. Calary de Lamazière, in reporting the army budget to the French Chamber of Deputies, pointed out that the budgetary army total for 1914 was 834,000 men, and for 1923 will be 630,000 men, a reduction of over 200,000.

France needs a good-sized army. She has nearly 100,000 men on the Rhine and in the Sarre Valley, and small forces in many other foreign enemy places, such as Syria, Constantinople, Memel, etc., where they are needed to assist in the execution of the Versailles Treaty. Besides this she needs garrisons for her colonies.

In 1914 France appropriated the equivalent of \$500,000,000 for her armies. In 1923 she is asked to appropriate the equivalent of about \$300,000,000—a reduction of 40 per cent.

Incidentally the American army for the year 1923 will be approximately a third larger than in 1914. Of course, the United States had a very small army before entering the Great War, but in view of the fact that American, British and Japanese expenditures have gone up, not down, while France alone has brought her military expenditures below the pre-war level, the charge of French "militarism" is a bit reckless or seems to be based on malice or ignorance.

Block the Blocs!—A movement should be started to fight the formation of legislative "blocs" at Washington. They are, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* rightly observes, "the curse of every legislative body in Continental Europe outside of Russia where they are not allowed."

Blocs never control anything, they merely obstruct. From time to time they may form temporary alliances with other blocs to put over bits of legislation—in return for other bits of legislation. But once their ends

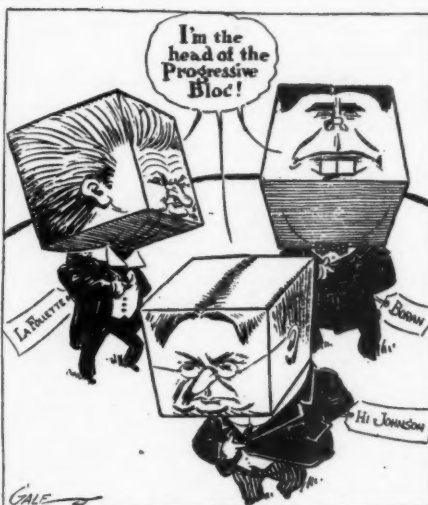
are gained, they split apart and return to their normal business of obstructing.

America has benefited greatly from having had for many years merely two great parties in Congress. If we are to have a dozen parties such as there are in the French Chamber of Deputies—and that is what the indefinite development of blocs will lead to—it will become impossible to put through any constructive legislation until each of these groups has been bought off.

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"Die Ruhr"—Travelers in Germany have frequently heard that "every loyal German hopes that every Frenchman will take 'die Ruhr.'"

The meaning of this strange and horrible joke—for it is an attempt at humor—lies in the fact that "die Ruhr" is an especially loathsome form of dysentery. Among other things the pun reveals the depth of present-day German despair.



THE BLOC HEADS

—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

The Supreme Gesture—It all depends on how you look at things.

The supreme gesture, as the Japanese see it, seems to be suicide, suicide, of course, for public purpose.

The latest Japanese to make this gesture is described as a good-looking young girl, one of the leaders of the feminist movement in Japan.

In the presence of hundreds of persons she cast herself under the wheels of an express train. The notes she left behind explained that she was taking her life to draw attention to the Japanese Women's Movement, and as a protest against the enslaved condition of the average woman in the Flowery Kingdom.

Women in Japan, it is explained, are owned, body and soul, by the men folks. The infiltration of Western ideas has led them to desire to own themselves, to be free to come and go like men, and to take up their share of the burden of government.

In America there can only be sympathy with the purposes of the movement, though there will be awe and disapproval aroused by the means adopted for focussing public attention upon it.

Meanwhile the grave of this public-spirited suicide is reported to have become a shrine where young women and old kneel on the hard gravel and pray that the departed spirit may strengthen their hearts in the battle for liberty against the forces of tradition.

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North versus South—Why is it that everywhere, throughout the world, nations which split into factional fragments do so along lines running roughly from east to west, so that the parties to the combat are divided into a northern section and a southern section?

Obviously climate has something to do with it—there being a considerable climatic variation from north to south, and none from east

to west comparatively. But is there not something additional, something more subtle and deadly in its universality?

Here is Ireland split into a north and south. Scotland scorning England and England distrusting Scotland. Southern France detesting northern France. Bavarians rabidly hating Prussians. Little Russians loathing Great Russians. The old South of the United States solidly aligned against the old North in a sectionalism which had to be drowned in blood.

And China. At the moment she is united once more. South China, led by her one-time "President" Dr. Sun Yat Sen, is reported to have offered her allegiance to the central government at Peking, after six years of guerrilla warfare and looting by rival bands.

China's future is deeply veiled in mystery. May her new-found unity endure as the unity between our North and South which has slowly grown up and cauterized the wounds of the Civil War!

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Wanamaker's Work—The death of John Wanamaker brings to mind the revolution in merchandising methods which he, more than any other man, brought about, and the contrast between the selling tactics of the horse-trader which preceded him and the present honesty, candor and courage which he did so much to spread throughout the country.

When John Wanamaker went into the clothing business in 1858 with Nathan Brown, under the firm name of Wanamaker & Brown, the buying public was accustomed to complete unscrupulousness on the part of its purveyors of merchandise.

"Let the buyer beware!" the slogan ran, just as, somewhat later, in our country's history, the slogan of the railroads became "all the traffic will bear."

Wanamaker did away with the policy of "Let the buyer beware!"

He marked every piece of merchandise in his store in plain figures. There was no haggling in his store between customer and salesman. It was a one-price store—the first in the United States.

He extended to his customers the revolutionary privilege of returning any purchases they found unsatisfactory. There was never anything to fear in trading with him. He would make good all dissatisfactions.

And then, he was one of the first great exponents of the value of advertising. He is said to have kept 67 cents of his first day's receipts to make change the next morning, and used the \$24 balance for advertising. Small wonder he became a "merchant prince" when he started business with such princely innovations and guarantees.

His methods forced his competitors to follow his lead. Little by little they have set the standard for the business of retail merchandising throughout the United States.

America owes John Wanamaker a distinct debt of gratitude.

Achieving Peace — Fears have been expressed that Lloyd George's invasion of the field of journalism will result in the disclosure of "secrets" of British foreign policy.

There seems to be a lively fear that he may burst forth recklessly with the truth about the intricate negotiations which have been proceeding ever since the Armistice, looking toward eventual peace.

It would be more sensible to fear that he will not tell the truth, at least not the whole truth of what he knows. If the war-sick world could have a few administrations of the medicine of truth, it would probably be well and back at work in no time.

However, the experience of the world has always been that peace is as hard to come at, and requires as long for its achievement, as the war preceding it. That is, a genuine peace which includes the resumption of wholesome, neighborly relations between the participants.

The Great War was waged for four years and four months. Peace has been winging its way toward us since the Armistice for four years and two months. The outlook is very black at the moment, with France threatening Germany and the Turk defying Europe, but it is probably the darkness which is darkest just before the dawn.

When things get so bad that something must be done, something always is done. The next few months will very likely see some startling changes in the electrically stormy atmosphere of Europe. Unless historical precedents fail us the day is not far distant when the angel of peace will hover with outstretched arms over the battlefields of Europe.



THE PRODIGAL RETURNS—BRINGING HIS OWN
FATTED CALF

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

Charles W. Wood, of *Collier's*, reports Mr. Cromwell as saying:

"The work of the Committee on Business Conduct has done more to advance the standard of business ethics in America than any legislation or court proceedings could possibly have done. Political movements aimed to correct bad practices in business have frequently tended to prevent reform. To bring the Stock Exchange under any sort of



IF PUBLICITY BRINGS SUCCESS
—Knott in *Los Angeles Times*.

Regulatory laws and statutes would only throw a monkey-wrench into the complicated machinery, the president of the Stock Exchange evidently feels, and this view seems to be shared by great numbers of well-informed folk.

After all, the Stock Exchange is only a market, a place where securities are bought and sold. Most of the mystery and baneful power attributed to it is fanciful and foolish. Some central place there must be where we can purchase or dispose of stocks and bonds. And the nation's experience with government regulation has not been so happy as to tempt us to include the Stock Exchange within its scope, especially when, as Mr. Cromwell so plausibly points out, the Exchange has ethical standards equally high and greater power for enforcing them than any other organization, State- or private-controlled within our borders.

"Watch Italy Grow"—A letter from one of our readers gives a valuable first-hand picture of recent events in Italy, traces out their origin and prophesies a brilliant future for the land of the Fascisti. We feel that we can perform no better service for our other readers than to pass it along for them to read.

Following some complimentary remarks about CURRENT OPINION, John A. James - James writes from the Palace Hotel, Rome, Italy, as follows:

Just as we of America, at the close of the Spanish War, suddenly found ourselves to be one of the great powers of the earth, so Italy realized her true greatness at the end of the war.

During the Peace Conference, and since that time, she has not felt that she was treated with the consideration she deserved. It is necessary to bear in mind that Italy has had only some sixty years of national life, old as the country itself is. Her statesmen were, in general, chosen from the ranks of scholars, rather than for their political shrewdness.

"If this were so, it were a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!"

For Italy was treated as a fourth-rate power in all the negotiations that followed the Armistice. As a nation

with a population materially larger than that of France, she felt the injustice of this.

There was another feature. It was felt that Italy had a weak government; and she became the center of ultra-socialistic and even Bolshevik activities. I saw the days, following

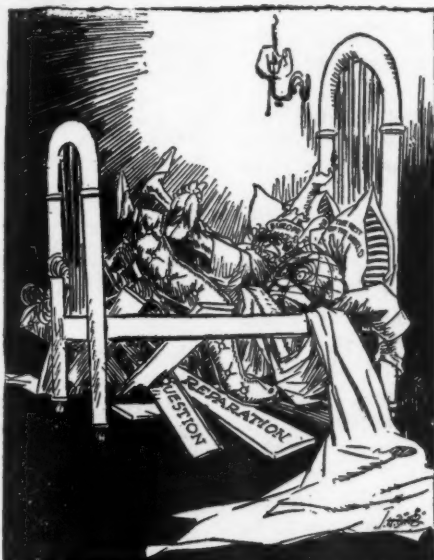
the war, when to have served in the Italian army was a justification for having one's face spat upon. And the resentment of such a condition was the reason for the formation of the Fascisti—for the defense of Italy against herself.

The Fascisti grew to number, as you correctly say, some 800,000. They were of no class. They were of every class that loved Italy, from nobles to the poorest peasant. They

used stern measures when they were necessary, even as we have used them in our country, as witness the Vigilantes of California, in the early days. And they were effective. They gradually brought order out of chaos.

At their head stood a young man, Mussolini. He has been compared to Napoleon. He is rather like our own Roosevelt! Young, ardent, honest, filled with high ideals, his first official act was to present himself to the king, acting in the interests of Italy.

Much has been said and written of the so-called revolution. It is true that a hundred thousand organized men centered on Rome some weeks ago. And I wish you might have seen their discipline. I have never seen



AND THERE WON'T BE ANY SLEEP FOR ANYBODY UNTIL IT'S FIXED

—Ding in New York Tribune.

a crowd of Americans so admirably handled. I went everywhere with my family, during the "revolution," and never saw the least disorder. Instead of a spirit of anxiety, there seemed to be a feeling that, at last, there was a strong hand at the wheel of state. I have never met anyone, with the real interests of Italy at heart, who spoke against the Fascisti. They were the salvation of Italy, and Mussolini is their prophet.

Of his activities since he became Prime Minister, acting loyally under the king, I leave you to judge. He is a strong man, who lays his cards on the table, and asks only a square deal for Italy.

Concerning the internal affairs of the country, I have only to say that *Italy has gone to work*, as other countries have not, without waiting for fancied indemnities from Germany. On every hand Italy is forging forward. Her laborers work all day, stopping only at midday for a bit of bread and a taste of wine. Her money has advanced nearly fifty per cent. in value in the last three years; and she is on the high road to prosperity. I see no reason why the Italian lira is not as good as the French franc. And it will be so.

We are too prone, at home, to think of the Italian as an illiterate. It may have been so in the past, under Austrian domination. To-day, the greatest pride of an Italian parent is to see his child maintained in school; and the schools are most excellent, the pupils quick and receptive. To use an American expression, just "watch Italy grow!"

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Erin Go Bragh!

AT last the Irish Free State is an accomplished fact. Ireland is free, that is, as free as Canada or South Africa or Australia or New Zealand. And, are there any countries in the world that enjoy better freedom? Theirs is sort of

a gilt-edged freedom, for it is self-government guaranteed against all the world by the vast resources of the British Empire.

The feeling of relief which Englishmen everywhere freely express when discussing the present Irish situation is voiced by A. G. Gardiner, of the Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian*: "We feel like Christian when he had got rid of his burden, or like Sinbad when he had shaken off the Old Man of the Sea.

"Ireland has been our Old Man of the Sea for seven centuries. We hoisted him on our back in Plantagenet days under the impression that we should be better off and he would be better off if we carried him. There has never been such a mistake in history. The Old Man has been kicking and struggling to get off, and we have been pummeling and thumping him to make him keep on. Not for a generation or two, but for century after century.

"It has been a tragedy for Ireland, but it has been no less a tragedy for us. It has cost us millions of money, it has made enemies for us overseas, it has brought us nothing but trouble and shame."

In England the Free State is supported by Bonar Law, the Premier, and by every party in the House of Commons. President Cosgrave and his cabinet have the unqualified support of the great majority in South Ireland. Back of them stand the Church, the banks, the universities, commerce and industry, and their supporters in the Dail Eireann outnumber the opposition two to one.

The Irish Legislature comprises a most distinguished gathering, and in the formation of the Senate—which is appointed, not elected—great judgment and large-mindedness has been shown. Several prominent foes of independence for Ireland, including Lord Dunraven and Baron Glenavy, have honored the Senate by accepting appointments to it.

And yet, the treaty, which is now fully operative, has not brought peace to Ireland. The Black and Tans are gone, the old Nationalist party is finished, Childers and his colleagues have been executed, and De Valera's captured correspondence admits the hopelessness of continued warfare—yet still the deadly struggle continues—brother stalking brother from ambush, and ammunition smugglers being paid with mirror-gilt, rare pictures, and jewels taken by the irregulars from looted country houses.

"By King George's amnesty of December, 1921, there were released one thousand men," writes P. W. Wilson, in the *New York Times*. "In Irish prisons today there are ten times that number. To fight the insurgents, the Free State is maintaining an army of 30,000 men, at a cost of \$35,000,000. An island where not one soldier is needed to repel invasion must spend on troops a sum which, for the United States, would be a billion dollars. . . . To protect Governor-General Healy until March 31, there has been a vote of \$50,000. The destruction of property—still continuing—leaves the Free State responsible for reparations amounting to \$200,000,000."

And all this in the face of Catholic Cardinal Logue and all the rest of the hierarchy in Ireland, who have with one voice condemned the disorders and declared them deadly

sin, not to be condoned by the usual offices of religion.

At the root of the trouble are several things, the resentment left smoldering against the English troops, now happily departed forever; the rage at the partition of Ireland into two nations; and especially the problem of demobilizing the Republican army.

"Ireland is to-day full of farmers' sons and daughters for whom work on the farm has lost its zest," says Wilson. "During their impressionable years, organizing, drilling, raiding, conspiring, have been at once a clandestine and a thrilling experience. The art of guerilla war which Childers learned in South Africa has absorbed the youthful imagination of Ireland, and mere girls carry lethal weapons for mere boys, who now shoot at sight, blow up bridges, wreck trains,

burn buildings, rob banks and scuttle ships with all the patriotism which, according to Dr. Johnson, may at times become 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.'"

The great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday will be celebrated this month by lovers of liberty throughout the world, once warned his countrymen that "if danger ever reaches us it must spring up among us, it cannot come from abroad."

Here is a solemn warning for Ireland—both friends and foes of the Free State.



JOHN BULL: "H'I HOPES SHE H'ISN'T GOING TO RETURN MY CHRISTMAS GIFT"

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Syndicate.

UNSCRAMBLING EUROPE

AMID the crises and bewildering conferences in Europe the one question that matters most is whether, in the words of Canning, the new world is to be summoned to balance the affairs of the old world. The United States has played a waiting game. That is the wisdom of every good man of business. But there are evidences that the time for conclusive action is rapidly approaching. In particular, the differences which have arisen between France and Great Britain do not leave this country unconcerned.

Out of the confusion into which a succession of conferences has plunged Europe, the encouraging fact emerges that the nations are getting back to work. The United States expects better trade. In Britain, the unemployed have disturbed Parliament, but there are fewer of them. The revenue is well maintained and the government can renew loans at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. France has to face financial difficulties, but none the less she is prosperous. Her 63,000 of unemployed a year ago are all at work. Germany is hard hit by events, but she is still hard at work. A year ago there was a total of 400,000 idle workers, but to-day she has about a tenth of this number unemployed. German factories are busy with a big demand for goods which outruns the supply. Speculation is rampant throughout the country and the big cities support a riotous night life in which is flaunted every type of luxury. And Russia is emerging from communism into what her leaders are pleased to call state capitalism. The troubles of Europe are strictly political, and in all quarters there is a hope that somehow the United States may help to solve them.

The constitution under which we live was framed for our own needs

and not for an active diplomacy abroad; and neither Congress nor the President can act, except by consent of the other. But both Congress and President are responsive to public opinion and public opinion is now thoroughly aroused. The reverses suffered by the Republicans in the November elections show that Americans are restive under a paralysis which leaves them mere spectators of history in the making.

Isolation—Impossible!

ON paper it is arguable that the United States, with a territory reaching from ocean to ocean and from the tropics to Alaska, might be self-contained as China, feeding, clothing and educating herself, and neither helping nor seeking help from others. But for a hundred years Lancashire has been the chief market for southern cotton, and a surplus of grain and meat, produced in the Middle West, is always shipped abroad. In the main, these exports are consumed by Europe. If Europe is ruined and this foreign trade is cut off, prices in the Middle West will fall and the farmers will suffer. In the politics both of the United States and of Canada, the discontent of the farmer is to-day a big factor. The farmer sees the elaborate life of the cities and demands his share of that glittering heritage. Sweeping out the Liberals and Conservatives from Ontario, Saskatchewan and other Canadian provinces, the farmer has established his own "progressive" executive. In the Dakotas and other States, he has organized either a farmers' bloc or a Non-Partisan League. Hitherto, the view of the farmer has been, "To Hades with Europe and her quarrels." But to send your best customers to Hades is a different proposition.

Diplomacy and Business.

A FEW years ago when we referred to American diplomacy, we spoke of it in derision as "dollar diplomacy" because it was thought that the foreign representatives of our State Department were taking some interest in industry and commerce. To-day, it would be hard to imagine how diplomacy could be separated from business. If the troubled affairs of Europe are to be put in order as the result of present negotiations, American participation will be traceable to the agricultural interests of the country and directly to the farmers of the Middle West.

It is only a prosperous agriculture that can buy pianos, organs, phonographs, automobiles and female finery. If the farmer is impoverished, the manufacturer loses his nearest market. Eighteen months ago, the International Chambers of Commerce met in London and discussed the trade of the world. And in the last few weeks these powerful bodies in the United States have thrown the whole weight of their influence on the side of a closer association with Europe. Over the tariff, sentiment has greatly changed. The industries of the United States are no longer infants which must be tenderly protected from foreign competition. They have grown up to be giants and the dread of competition has been replaced by a desire for co-operation. Unless there are imports there cannot be exports. Such imports and such exports are inseparable as Siamese twins. They pay for each other.

How Europe Can Pay.

IF the United States had never entered the war at all, these arguments would have held good. But she has been an actual belligerent in Europe. Her Treasury has lent to Europe a sum of 11 billion dollars, to which must be added enor-

mous commercial credits. In German marks alone, speculation has reached nearly a billion dollars and the losses have been a warning to the gamblers. Every banker knows that Europe cannot discharge her indebtedness to the United States, whether national or commercial, by merely shipping gold. Already New York has become the gold reserve of the world and in her vaults lies more bullion than she knows what to do with. It is only in goods and by services like insurance, shipping and entertainment of tourists, that Europe can meet her liabilities. Hence there has been a complete revolution in American opinion on matters like the tariff and the shipping subsidy where the aim was economic isolation. At first, this revolution was confined to eastern bankers, but with the nation-wide bankers' conference held in New York last October, the rivalries between East and West, which never had a basis in logic, broke down. The financial structure of the United States was revealed as one and indivisible. As radio laughs at distance, so the mere fact that Philadelphia is a thousand miles nearer Boulogne than is Chicago means nothing when it comes to matching the franc against the dollar.

The Idealists Aroused.

WITH commerce thus alert, the latent idealism of the United States has also "waked anew." The universities, the colleges, the schools and the churches never accepted the doctrine of an isolated America. Doubtless, the United States is strong in her ocean defences, but even the United States cannot dwell at ease on a planet which, elsewhere, is chaos. Over the placid politics of Washington, the flames of Smyrna threw a lurid glare and the organized missionary ardor of the United States clamors for action against the Turk. From Agra to Adrianople, Asia is watching the

dissensions of Europe and waiting her chance. With the attitude of Secretary Hughes still to be pronounced, two other influences have broken loose. The first is Wilsonian Democracy; the second is Senator Borah. Both these influences have become formidable.

Enter Woodrow Wilson.

WOODROW WILSON has just celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday, and on his better health he has received the congratulations of the Senate. He has resigned his law partnership with Bainbridge Colby, his former Secretary of State, and rumor is busy over the question whether he intends to use his authority solely as a Democrat among Democrats, or more widely, among all Americans, whatever their politics, who wish to see their country fill a certain vacant chair at Geneva. Without the United States, the League of Nations has been but a crippled affair, but it has survived. It is still practical politics. And what little it has accomplished has been wholly good. The Irish now know that the League is not and cannot be used to oppress their country; and the Free State, so far from attacking the League any further, wishes to join it. The German-Americans, with their heavy vote, realize that the League desires a fair deal for the Fatherland, and that the question for Germany is only whether she shall be admitted to the League as one of the great Powers or as a small nation! Even Jane Addams, who has been addressing the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which met at The Hague, limits her criticisms to the war mentality of the old world and supports



SLOWLY CREEPING OUT

—Kirby in New York World.

the League of Nations. To advocate the League, Hamilton Holt has organized a Non-Partisan Committee which is led by John H. Clarke, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The Committee includes many persons of great weight and distinction. The fact is that among thoughtful men everywhere there is the belief that the doctrine of "self-determination" for small nations has been carried quite too far. If the world is ever to enjoy peace, nations must learn to live as neighbors. This is the message constantly proceeding from the Protestant Churches of the United States and Britain. Not less emphatic are the utterances of authorities so diverse as the National Civic Federation and Pope Pius XI.

Borah Breaks Loose.

WHATEVER Senator Borah proposes is important because he has an uncanny habit of anticipating the judgment of the United States. It was he who led the onslaught against the Treaty of Versailles. It



GOING IN
—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

was he who demanded and obtained a conference at Washington over the crisis in the Far East. With Siberia and Shantung effectively evacuated by Japan and with naval competition between the United States, Great Britain and Japan much abated, no one can fairly deny that the Washington conference served a useful purpose. Senator Borah proposed a second such conference, to consider the finances of Europe and disarmament on land, with further disarmament at sea. His resolution to this effect was only withdrawn when he was assured on the floor of the Senate by Administration leaders that the President and Secretary Hughes were considering alternative action.

"Le Discorde Cordiale"

TO say that the United States must save Europe, is not enough. The real question is how Europe can be saved. Sir George Paish, an Englishman, still pleads for more money and undoubtedly money is needed. Last June, therefore, a Bankers' Conference was held in Paris and attended by Pierpont Morgan. In December, Pierpont Morgan was again consulted. His

opinion represents the unanimous verdict of American banks and of British banks also. Unless the figure for German Reparations be reduced, it is impossible to furnish Germany with the international loan which would enable her to clear her finances. Without that loan, there is little hope of Germany ever paying any further considerable sum in reparations. Both the French and the British have agreed to scale down the reparations from \$32,000,000,000 to \$12,500,000,000. But unfortunately, the French and the British cannot agree as to the terms on which the adjustment is to be made. Broadly, the two countries differ on the question of enforcing reparations. France would take immediate measures. Britain would only take such measures if, after a moratorium of four years, Germany still defaulted. Britain maintained that France's productive guarantees would cripple Germany to a point where no stabilization of the mark could be hoped for, and no payments of importance could be secured for many years. France objected, very reasonably, that she must have better assurance of payment than the oft-broken word of Germany.

This difference, as Bonar Law said, is a difference of principle too deep for argument. And on this issue the New Year's conference at Paris broke up. Fortunately for the future of world peace it broke up most amicably. The two nations agreed to disagree in a most cordial manner. So striking was the spirit of friendliness displayed that the Paris press has rechristened the Entente Cordiale, "Le discorde cordiale."

News of the split had led enemies of both countries in all parts of the world to jubilate over the end of the Entente, but such rejoicing, in addition to its bad taste, has proved decidedly premature. No diminution of the Entente's strong bond

has been effected. Though Britain stands aside, a neutral spectator to France's proceedings in the Ruhr, she will profit equally with the other Allies from whatever reparations may accrue through this new method. She disapproves, but she has been overruled, and she awaits the result.

If there is any change in the feeling between the two countries it is a change for the better. No longer is there the opposition of wills, the tension of unsettled purpose, the tug and pull of diverse view-points. For the moment the thing is settled, and—God speed the outcome!

With the Ruhr question determined in her favor, France can afford to show her pleasantest face. At Lausanne she will probably support Britain loyally. Her press, which has kept up a viperish outcry against John Bull for months, will abate its clamor.

At our distance from these troubled happenings it is excessively difficult to know which of the parties to this dispute is in the right. However, it is easy enough to sympathize with either view-point, separately stated, and especially with the view-point of France, although the "official" American attitude, as evidenced by the prompt withdrawal of our troops from the Rhine, is one of grave disapproval.

Mr. Bonar Law's last words to Premier Poincaré have deep significance. The French statesman had accompanied his English confrère to the railway station, and the latter was leaning from the step of his compartment.

"Monsieur," said Bonar Law in French, "I hope with all my heart that you are right, but I sincerely doubt it."

The Rhine Frontier.

ABOUT the advice of Marshal Foch, with which Prime Minister Poincaré has always been in personal sympathy, there is no secret. He and his friends have wished from the first to use Germany's default as a reason for seizing the Rhine frontier and holding it permanently for France. Veiled by diplomatic disguises, the annexation would be none the less real, and, in the opinion both of the United States and of Great Britain, it would create a new Alsace-Lorraine, so condemning Europe to an indefinite spell of prospective bloodshed. Failing the Rhine frontier, France asks for the valuable Ruhr Valley, for the German forests and for Allied control of German finances, including customs. Her conviction is that Germany must still be treated as an unrepentent foe and she has refused even to discuss the proposal by Dr. Cuno, the German Chancellor, for a peace compact over the Rhine boundary, to extend for thirty years and to be strengthened by international guar-



TWO MORE MOTHS TRY IT

—McCay in New York American.

antees. Such a treaty, resembling the Four-Power Pact in the Pacific, had been, in effect, suggested by President Harding.

It was not even entertained by France for the very good reason that Germany was not living up to her existing agreements. And as for her peaceful intentions, France asked why Germany should not take the necessary steps to qualify for admission to the League of Nations, which admission would make both nations signatories of a treaty which, among other things, would bind them to a policy of non-aggression.

Another reason why France summarily dismissed the Cuno peace proposal was that it was made so obviously to prejudice the world against France on the eve of the New Year's conference of Premiers at Paris. It was to give Germany an opportunity to show how hard-hearted France is in repelling her advances, and expose France to the reproach of militarism. As a bid for praise from the world at large it was skilfully calculated, but its essential purposes would, as France

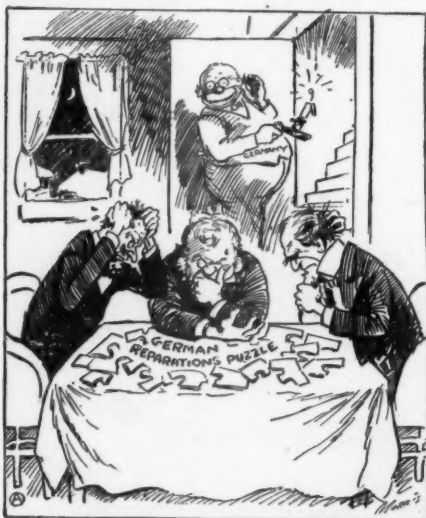
pointed out, be far better accomplished by adherence, on the part of Germany, to the League of Nations.

The French Deficits.

FROM the standpoint of France herself, there is no particular objection to punitive measures against Germany. It may be unwise but France is strictly within her legal rights in deciding to take possession of the Ruhr. Such measures, however, can hardly be expected to bring France any considerable amount of money. To occupy the Rhine, to seize mines and forests and collect those customs will need a large army and the returns in cash may not cover the cost.

Whether or not France shall again prove herself right in reading the psychology of the Germans, she is at last committed to a determined effort to "shake down" the inflated industrialists of Germany. If she succeeds in collecting substantial reparations, it will give her the aid that she has been counting on to balance her budget, which is highly necessary if France is to avoid a collapse of her public finances. If she fails, France loses her one hope of receiving at least something from Germany where the mark has been deliberately depreciated. What France needs is not defense but solvency, not more territory but the best possible financial bargain in the way of reparations. The whole world devoutly hopes that the Ruhr expedition will not prove, as Lloyd George insisted, "a veiled form of annexation."

Everyone knows that the armaments of Germany to-day are a myth, and Albert Thomas, who was Minister of Munitions in France during the war and now presides over the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, has begged us to believe that the days of sabre-rattling in his country are over.



GERMANY: "ACH HIMMEL! I NEFER LIKED PUZZLES!"

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Syndicate.

Stanley Baldwin's Mission.

IN order to unravel the financial tangle, a British mission is visiting Washington. It is headed by Stanley Baldwin, the recently appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom will be Montagu Collet Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. Baldwin and Norman are both bankers rather than politicians, and the discussions with Secretary Hughes are certain to proceed along strictly business lines.

As Mr. Norman said in an interview shortly after landing, reparations, debts, and other economic troubles of Europe have formed themselves into a vicious circle going round and round among the harassed nations of the old world. Sooner or later some method must be found for piercing that circle, and he hoped that means would be hit upon at Washington for accomplishing that very thing. To settle the matter of funding the British debt to the United States would pierce the circle. It would be like knocking down one ninepin which would knock down others, and they, in turn, would carry over the rest.

The British Commissioners, he added, are seeking the best terms that can be secured for England, and hoped to reach a program for funding which would give some relief from the terms set forth in existing legislation, by which the debt cannot run longer than twenty-five years and must pay at least four and a quarter per cent interest.

It is said to be within the power of Secretary of State Hughes to exceed the instructions of the legislation just mentioned, but whether he will feel that it is expedient politically to stir up a storm in Congress by granting greatly improved terms to Britain, remains to be seen. On the other hand, Congress may decide hurriedly to unshackle the Debt Funding Commission. That will help immensely.



ADVICE FROM "SHYLOCK!"
—Cargill in Kansas City Post.

How the Debt Stands.

AT the present time the United States owes no money anywhere and claims no reparations from Germany, save only the cost of American troops on the Rhine, for which a bill, amounting to \$250,000,000, has been formally submitted. As a creditor, the United States considers that each of her debtors should be dealt with separately and that the debts are wholly distinct from reparations and from each other. Congress has laid it down by statute that all such debts should be repaid within 25 years and that interest should be charged at not less than 4½ per cent. The President and Secretary Hughes, however, point out that greater latitude of negotiation than this must be allowed to the Financial Commission if the debts are to be duly funded. It will take longer than 25 years to repay and the rate of interest seems too high.

Europe and Her Creditor.

THE European view is that the debts and reparations are one problem which should be handled



IF HE HADN'T BEEN SO GREEDY!

—Pease in Newark News.

as a whole. Great Britain asks whether it is equitable that she should pay all she owes to the United States, while the other Allies and especially France pay nothing to her of what they owe. By the Balfour note, therefore, which still represents her real mind, Britain has offered to surrender whatever reparations are still due to her and to support a general cancellation of debts all around. To this, the United States, where it would be all loss and no gain, does not agree; and as an alternative, therefore, Britain is willing to collect from Europe only the money which she pays to us. Stanley Baldwin is thus empowered to arrange terms in which Britain will discharge her liabilities, after which preliminary the question may arise whether, as joint creditors, Great Britain and the United States will together bring pressure to bear upon the rest of Europe, and especially on France and Italy. As an instalment, Britain claims that she is entitled to \$450,000,000 in gold, deposited with her by the Bank of France, as

security for French obligations. This gold has already been paid the United States and is thus no longer in London.

The Turk Smiles.

WITH Christendom thus divided, the Turk, broken in war, becomes insolent in negotiation. For nearly two months a Conference on the Near East has been prolonged at Lausanne. Foreseeing that in January, Britain and France would be at loggerheads over German reparations, the Turks have deliberately kept the discussions going, so straining to the utmost the patience of Lord Curzon, who on the main issues has been supported by the American Ambassador from Rome, Richard Washburn Child.

The demands of the Turk have passed the bounds of reason. At one stage or another of the Conference he has insisted that Egypt shall be handed over to him, that the Irish Republicans shall be "heard," that the Dardanelles shall be closed and fortified, that all non-Moslems—including most of the inhabitants in Constantinople—shall leave Turkey or be massacred, that the Patriarch of the Eastern Orthodox Church, Meletios IV., be driven out of that city, that England surrender the oil fields of Mosul and that the capitulations or guarantees of life and liberty for western merchants and residents be abolished.

As we go to press concessions are still being made to Angora by the Allies. No guarantees for minorities other than those exacted from the Central Empires, and no Armenian "homeland," are to be required of the Turk. The Greek Patriarch in Constantinople is to be shorn of all temporal power, and as a reward for permitting 200,000 Greeks to remain in Constantinople, a million more Greeks in Asia Minor are to be dispossessed. All these concessions may or may not safeguard Mosul for Britain.

Russian Pressure.

NOT that Turkey is, by these tactics, achieving her independence. From Lausanne, we read of Turkish ladies in Paris dresses, and great play is made of the fact that Halide Edib, a woman trained at Robert College, Constantinople, is Minister of Education at Angora. Beneath this veneer of civilization, however, lies the tragic fate of Christian women in Turkish harems whose liberation is refused by Kemal, to say nothing of 150 women of the former Sultan, who are advertised for disposal like cattle. The Turk is unchanged. He slaughters, outrages, bullies, plunders and, when resisted, cringes and fawns. He is still as much as ever a wretched pawn in the international game. He knows not whether to be more afraid of the Russian army on the Caucasus or the British navy in the Sea of Marmora. The Russians order the Turk to close the Dardanelles against the British, while the British order him to keep the Dardanelles open in order that they may be able, if necessary, to prevent Russia advancing on India.

Russia in Resurrection.

FOR the Russian Revolution is at an end. The Bolsheviki survive, but Bolshevism is superseded, and the day is rapidly approaching when the Communists will form the opposition. A correspondent says cleverly that Lenin is still Robespierre, but with Napoleon added. At the All-Russian Soviet Congress last month, fourteen Republics, including Far Eastern Republic of Chita, evacuated by Japan, were formally joined to the sovereignty exercised at Moscow, and two more additions are promised. From the title of the confederation, the word "Russia" has been dropped, and the new power is styled "The Union Soviet of Socialist Republics," which in-

vites an indefinite extension, say in Persia or Turkey. The delegates were told frankly that, in one year, Russia's industrial assets had dwindled by 40 per cent. and that, without gold, there could not be a gold standard. Hence, doubtless, the sensational advertisement of the Crown Jewels of the Romanoffs, still held by the Bolsheviki, and Trotzky's frank demand for a suspension of trade-union rules, or in other words, the open shop. Having secured a commercial treaty with Germany, Russia is negotiating with Italy a similar agreement, which would include important concessions in the Ukraine. The Soviet finances are, of course, indescribable. No budget can be attempted and the figures run to quadrillions.

Disarmament.

THROUGHOUT the world there are signs that the time is ripe for disarmament. Frequent conferences are held which only fail because statesmen surrender to some petty point of personal pride or prejudice. At Washington, the Central American Republics have been considering on agreement of peace. The "A. B. C." of South America, that is, the Argentine, Brazil and Chile, have also to discuss a limitation of armaments. At Moscow, Russia, Poland and other eastern European Powers have conferred over the same subject, while in France the persistent refusal to ratify the Naval Treaty, signed last year at Washington, is at least deplored even by Prime Minister Poincaré himself. If France ratifies, so will Italy, and the treaty, which is at present only a gentleman's agreement between the United States, Britain and Japan, will become binding on all five powers. The fact that statesmen have to face is that the whole world is now weary of war and tired of taxes.

Listening In

"I am waltzing with Mlle. Cecile Sorel and I enormously prefer that to being interviewed. I have spent half my life being the most disagreeable man in the world; but now, I assure you, I have become delightful and charming."—*Georges Clemenceau, on shipboard, returning from the United States to France.*

"Things do not happen in this world—they are brought about."—*Will H. Hays, President Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.*

"Many Congressmen and some Senators are attracted to the position by the salary. In many cases these men never earned as much before in their lives. In my judgment the salary should be divided by five or multiplied by five. If divided by five, it would not be an inducement to many who are there today. If multiplied by five, it would be worth while and more good men would go into politics."—*General T. Coleman du Pont.*

"A man shouldn't set himself up as a target by entering public life if he doesn't want to be hit."—*James Couzens, U. S. Senator from Michigan.*

"Of the four social poisons—alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee—the least harmful is tobacco."—*Sir James Cantlie, eminent British hygienist.*

"Beasts and birds of prey, serpents, sharks, spiders and the legions of predacious insects all lead solitary lives, whereas the herbivores, rodents, granivorous and frugivorous birds and plant-eating snails and insects are more or less gregarious. Man is himself quite unable to develop populous societies without becoming increasingly vegetarian. Compare, for example, the sparse communities of the meat-eating Esquimaux with the teeming populations of the vegetarian Hindoos."—*Prof. W. M. Wheeler, Harvard University.*

"ONCE in a foreign city I happened to pick up a penny in the street. It was one of those that bear Lincoln's head. . . . Nothing could have been more beautiful and significant than that Lincoln's noble head should have been engraved on our smallest coin, a token of our universal daily need in hands that humbly break the bread their toil has earned."—*Brand Whitlock, former American Minister to Belgium.*

"It has been my privilege this week to get a job for the 100th graduate of Sing Sing during the twenty years I have been a rector. Of the whole hundred only four have failed to make good."—*Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in New York.*

"The hand of death is reaching for the black man. Its reach is slow, but unless he changes his ways the hand of death will grab him as it has the Indian."—*William Allen White, famous Kansas editor and author.*

"Personal liberty ends where public injury begins."—*Sherman Rogers, industrialist, advocating prohibition enforcement.*

"If the desire for profit were more widely spread than it is, the comparatively small number who are engaged in manipulating affairs for profit would not have the easy time they now have: it wouldn't be such a

monopoly."—*John Dewey, pedagogue and philosopher.*

"Religion is betting your life there is a God."—*Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

"Success in the production of musical comedy is mostly a matter of luck. If anyone knew how accurately to analyze a success, there would be no more failures."—*Charles B. Dillingham, theatrical producer.*

"New York's attitude toward royalty is adorable. The people accept royalty as one of them and royalty is correspondingly grateful."—*Lady Patricia Ramsey (Princess Pat of Connaught).*

"There was a time when this was the land of the free. Now it is the region of the regulated."—*U. S. Senator George Higgins Moses, of New Hampshire.*

"Far from being a storm center, Porto Rico is tranquil as the prairies of western Kansas. Ninety per cent. of the natives are for the government and loyal to Old Glory."—*E. Mont Riley, Governor of Porto Rico.*

"We hope soon to be able to forecast for a month ahead. In a general way we can do it now, but we do not make it a practice because it is too uncertain as yet. We are 90 per cent. sure of the weather for a week ahead, and virtually certain for forty-eight hours."—*Prof. Charles F. Marvin, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau.*

"During the last thirty-five years more good dramas have been written in the English language than in any preceding thirty-five years since the death of Shakespeare."—*Professor William Lyon Phelps, Yale University.*

"I believe in sweating the machine and not the man. I would like to make the men's work easier and the machine's work harder. If a machine wears out in half the present normal time the world is richer, for a new machine has to be made to replace it, and that means more work for the workman and more pay for his work, a new machine sold for more money for the manufacturer, which becomes more dividends for the stockholders. But if a man wears out in half the time the world is poorer, and that needs no demonstration. I advocate a factory open for twelve hours, working in two shifts of six hours each."—*Lord Leverhulme, British manufacturer.*

"People like to read of crime and criminals. Our own place in society and our respect for the law restrain us from doing criminal things, but we have come down through history with the instincts of criminals. Tragedy is the form of art which holds us longest and stirs us most deeply, and tragedy is rooted in crime."—*Arthur Stringer, novelist.*

"Taking Newberry's place is Jim Couzens—you all know Jim. Jim started in with Mr. Ford—I don't know the exact amount, perhaps \$500—and took out \$30,000,000, and sued Ford and claimed he was not running his business right. Boy, that's my idea of a pessimist! If he thinks Ford ain't running his business right, wait until he gets into that Senate and sees what those birds do with the United States business in there, and he will live to see the day when he will give Ford credit yet."—*Will Rogers, cowboy comedian, addressing the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.*

"While debts increase and taxes mount higher and higher and human misery spreads, governments pile up burdens in the way of armaments. While the people of Europe are praying for peace, their governments are preparing for war."—*William Edgar Borah, U. S. Senator from Idaho.*

"BETWEEN nations as between individuals, what is most to be dreaded is the silence which engenders misunderstanding. Would that it were possible for the conscience of all nations to be made of a metal so pure and enduring that history would write upon them the imperishable record of true, mutually beneficial and eternal friendships."—*René Viviani, former Premier of France.*

"We meet to settle the largest single financial transaction, I believe, between two friendly nations, in the history of the world. We are here

to arrange the terms of the payment of the British debt to the United States.

"Had it been possible to find in the world a nugget of gold worth \$4,000,000,000 we would have spared no sacrifice to secure it, and we would have brought it with us. . . .

"This debt is not a debt for dollars sent to Europe. The money was all expended here, most of it for cotton, wheat, food products and munitions of war. Every cent used for the purchase of these goods was spent in America; American labor received the wages, American capitalists the profits, the United States Treasury the taxation imposed upon these profits."—*Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the British Exchequer.*

"I am old; I am tired; and I want very much to go to bed."—*Georges Clemenceau's opening sentence in his last speech in America.*

INTRODUCING THE YOUNGEST JUSTICE OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT

THE way from a log cabin on a Minnesota farm to the Federal Supreme Court bench in Washington is reckoned by Pierce Butler, newly appointed Associate Justice of that august tribunal, to be even longer than the way from Tipperary to Leicester Square. It has been lined with obstacles, not the least formidable of which was the hesitancy of Congress to confirm his appointment by President Harding to fill the place vacated by Associate Justice Day. Taking the President to task for making the appointment, the *New Republic* voices the radical fault-finders in characterizing it as "a piece of crass stupidity, because he is the kind of man who would assuredly use a warped or doubtful interpretation of a phrase in the Constitution to prevent needed experiments in economics and government. The testimony against him in this respect is conclusive. As Regent of the University of Minnesota he behaved during and after the war in the manner of a blind and bumptious bigot. He had none of the tolerance, none of the good humor and worldly wisdom, none of the mere gentlemanly decency which would prevent him from treating learned men, whose only offence was the expression of opinions different from his own, as suspects and traitors."

On the other hand, the appointment is generally commended by the Republican as well as Democratic press, despite the fact that this newest and youngest Associate Justice of the Supreme Court is a Democrat and a Catholic of Irish lineage.

In the matter of overcoming obstacles, the Butler jaw, known and respected in trial courts through the United States and Canada, has been a conspicuous factor. It is an interesting study in the relationship between a man's face and his career to watch the development of that Butler chin

through the succession of photographs in possession of the family. One shows him about the time he went to St. Paul to study law in a law office after being graduated from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., in 1887. He was twenty-one years old then, a typical country lad, raw-boned, awkwardly strong, with frank eyes and sandy, wiry hair. His feet were not included in the photographer's portrayal, but one, looking at his face, irresistibly imagines them picking themselves from the ground, deliberately, with an upward heave, to clear, soft earth in furrows.

The jaw was growing and settling.

A photograph that hangs in the office of the County Attorney in the Court House in St. Paul shows Butler as he looked when he was the incumbent of that office. He was County Attorney from 1893 to 1896, from the age of twenty-seven to the age of thirty. The uncouth farmer-boy-look was disappearing; but not the jaw. It had become an institution—a distinct part of the County Attorney who had one of the greatest records for convictions ever made in Ramsey County, yet who knows of only two men he sent to jail that carried with them any animosity toward him.

A glance at a present-day photograph of Mr. Butler shows the chin a finished product. It, and the lips above, are the outward sign of an indomitable will and capacity for work that have made him a master of law. Opposing counsel know there is trouble ahead when the Butler jaw closes like the underneath of a grab-bucket.

Justice Butler is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 220 pounds. He has eyes that can twinkle one moment and bore holes through a subterfuge the next. His interest in human nature, resulting in a broad understanding and sympathy, makes him particularly effective

in the handling of juries. He is described as being impressive without effort, as being at times exceedingly gracious, and as having the faculty of being stern and thunderous on occasion without necessarily creating enemies.

That the boy was father to the man is revealed by an experience he had as a country school teacher in his teens. In those days baiting teachers was a favorite sport with red-blooded country boys. The previous teacher had been driven away by this simple method.

When young Butler took command he found, among the twenty-five or thirty pupils, one who was the inevitable bully. He was called Herman, the adopted son of a neighboring farmer. To make matters more complicated for Butler, the foster-father was one of the trustees of the school. Herman was four years older than Butler and equally long in the shank.

The first day of the new régime was selected by the bully to show who was boss in that red school building.

"Come up here to the front row," said Butler, when Herman's deviltry had passed the point where it could not be overlooked.

By way of answer, Herman laid tight hold of his desk in the rear of the room.

Butler walked up to him and yanked him away from the desk, which was splintered in the scuffle, and dragged him to a seat in front of the rostrum. The wind was knocked out of Herman and his nose was bleeding. Butler pumped a pail of water, wiped him off and went on with the class.

There was no further trouble until school had been dismissed. Herman's foster-father and trustee had driven over in the wagon to pick up his various children, and was told what had happened and shown the blood on the shirt. The father advanced into the building. Butler was leaning over the stove whittling shavings from a lath for the next morning's fire. As the trustee came up the aisle the new teacher met him half way.

"You can fire me to-morrow if you want to," the sixteen-year-old boy said

to the trustee, "but you get out of my school building to-day."

The trustee got out, and sought the other trustees with his grievance. When they heard the story they stroked their whiskers and said:

"Pat Butler's boy? We've been having enough trouble with that school, and it appears like he's the fellow can run it. Let's let him stay there."

The new Associate Justice appears to be in no sense a politician. In fact, through his close friendship with leading Republicans it has been at times doubtful whether he was in the strictest sense a Democrat. He has won distinction entirely through his prominence in legal battles.

"It is," said an acquaintance recently, "because of Butler's wide experience in all branches of the law that he is so well fitted for a place on the Supreme Bench. The man who has handled only cases dealing with one branch of the law is incapable of settling the diversified questions which come before the Supreme Court with the same judgment as a man accustomed to a wider range of cases."

It was in his capacity as Regent of the University of Minnesota that Pierce Butler tried to induce Woodrow Wilson to become President of that institution. And they were again thrown together in the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway arbitration, which occupied much of the time of the former President just after he quit the White House. Chief Justice Taft was also associated with Mr. Butler in this work.

The rearing of a large family and the steady adherence to his law practice has left Pierce Butler little time for sports and hobbies. It is not known that he has either. And he is not a clubman, although popular with a large circle of friends and acquaintances. As a raconteur he shines. His affability, as well as his talent as a public speaker, makes him much in demand at functions of an official and semi-official nature.

In 1891 Mr. Butler married Miss Annie Cronin, of St. Paul. Their family

of eight are all living except one girl, Mary, who died in service during the war. She was a member of the army nursing corps, and her death was a heavy blow to her parents, who also sent four sons to the war. The oldest boy, Pierce Jr., aged 20, and Francis,

aged 22, are in their father's law firm. Two other sons are in business in the West. Margaret, the eldest living daughter, is studying law at the University of Minnesota. And the two youngest children, twins of 17, are still in school.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

TIMOTHY Michael Healy—if assassins and republicans have spared him—rules South Ireland to-day.

A white-haired man of sixty-eight years is His Excellency Tim Healy, a squat, rotund figure with square shoulders, a bull neck, and well-fleshed Napoleonic hands, which have the Napoleonic habit of clasping themselves behind his back when he is speaking. The hands should be pictured, however, as holding a threatening blackthorn shillelagh of wit, sarcasm and irony, ready for use at all times upon friend or foe.

Healy hails from a quarter of the globe where men who are slaughtered by swords or bullets live forever, but where men slaughtered by ridicule stay dead! His tongue is celebrated for its butcheries. If he has refrained at times from using his teeth it was because a blow from that tongue draws blood.

It was in 1880 that Healy first went to Parliament as member for Wexford. He was twenty-five then. He remained for thirty-eight years, or until 1918.

He has been described as the fear and the fascination of that august body, breaking all its rules and fighting everyone, his own party's leaders included. He overthrew Parnell, quarrelled with Justin McCarthy, and broke successively with John Dillon, John E. Redmond and William O'Brien.

"Wherever he saw a head he hit it."

It was Timothy Michael Healy who referred to Mrs. Kitty O'Shea, the woman for whom Parnell sacrificed his career, as an "English prostitute," and was knocked down by Parnell's nephew

and horsewhipped as he lay on the ground. At his public meetings in Ireland Healy's silk hats were always knocked off, and free-for-all fights invariably followed his inflammatory speeches.

Such is the manner of man who has become the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State—no coward at any rate.

Governor-General is a grand new name for him. Other names he has had aplenty, such as rebel and traitor, and hard, blackguardly names the like of those. Time was when they called him "the scourge of England," "the pet of Ireland," "the Great Vituperator," "the Professional Irreconcilable" and "the Ishmael of Irish Politics."

Tim Healy has been dearly loved and deeply hated.

And now he is His Excellency the Governor-General, personal representative of His Britannic Majesty, King George V.

As they say in Ireland, "Shure, wonders will never cease!"

The King sent Healy his commission by telegraph. Tim did not kiss the royal hand. Healyites declare, with a wink, that His Prudent Majesty may have feared being bitten.

Yet there is fighting Tim Healy, safely moved into the Viceregal Palace and fairly wallowing in grandeur, while a committee of the Free State Senate labors to make peace between the warring factions of fratricidal Ireland, and while the Free State Parliament appropriates—though not without grumbling and reluctance—\$120,000 for the an-

nual support and maintenance of the Governor-General's establishment.

In 1855 Tim Healy first saw the blessed light of day in a cottage on the southwestern coast of Ireland, where his father was guardian of the Bantry poorhouse. At the Christian Brothers' School he learned his A B C's, and by the time he was fourteen he had learned something in addition, something that was to prove of great value to him, and which he studied out all by himself from a book—how to write shorthand.

Before he had turned seventeen he had left Ireland, to earn his living in a railway office in Newcastle, England. At twenty-two he moved on to London, and became shorthand reporter of the doings of Parliament for his uncle's Dublin newspaper, *The Nation*.

Meanwhile he was studying law.

A year or two later he became Parnell's secretary, and the following year, 1880, he was elected a member of Parliament by the voters of County Wexford, Ireland. He continued his legal studies, however, and his journalism.

"In those early days," writes Seumas MacManus, in the *New York Times*, "the marvelously readable and brilliant *United Ireland*, the weekly official organ of the party, was almost entirely the output of the pens of O'Brien and Healy, dashed off in breathless intervals—often in the middle of the night—between strenuous Parliamentary or public tasks. In their little office in which the two of them were at work one night, Healy told a visitor: 'Here O'Brien and I concoct our *United Ireland* salad—O'Brien supplies the oil and I put in the vinegar.'"

They became experts, these two, in the gentle art of obstructing legislation. Their methods were an earlier version of what in America has come to be known as filibustering. They read entire blue books to the dazed and suffering House of Commons, or talked for hours on end about the woes of Ireland.

The most remarkable obstructive proceedings in which the present Governor-General of Ireland took part, says the *Times* biographer, was the famous rec-



THE SIAMESE TWINS—WILL A SEPARATION KILL ONE OR BOTH?

—Kansas City Journal.

ord sitting of the British House of Commons in January-February, 1881—the longest sitting that the British Parliament had in all its career. Gladstone and his henchman, Buckshot Forster (then Chief Secretary for Ireland), were determined to rush through their Coercion Bill, called "The Protection of Person and Property Bill"—the notorious act under which hundreds of Nationalists all over Ireland were arrested as "suspects" and without trial cast into prison, and there held during the pleasure of the British Government. When the sitting began on Monday, January 31, Gladstone announced that the House would not adjourn until the bill had been read the first time. Then Tim Healy and his fellow operators threw off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, so to speak, and pitched in.

"Parnell and Healy's speeches . . . kept the Parliament in continuous session from Monday morning until Wednesday—without the preliminary motion for leave to bring in the bill being put. . . . On Wednesday, after long consultation between the heads of the various British parties and the Speaker, the latter consented to break with sacred tradition, revolutionize Parliamentary procedure,

and of his own accord arbitrarily close the debate. . . . Immediately after, by an act of Parliament a new system of closure was instituted for the purpose of frustrating the Irish obstructionists.

"One of Healy's last mix-ups in the British House of Commons was in the brawl that occurred when the House was in committee on Home Rule in 1893. Chamberlain in his speech had named Gladstone 'Herod'—T. P. O'Connor caused an uproar by flinging 'Judas' across the floor at Chamberlain—an English worshipper of Gladstone, a Liberal named Logan, to show his contempt for the Unionists, strode across the floor and sat him down in Balfour's just vacated seat—Wyndham and Fisher tackled Logan—Tim Healy sprang across the floor to take on all the rest of the Conservative benches—poor Colonel Sanderson, his martial spirit aroused by sniffing the battle in the air, glanced about him for something to do, and seeing a Nationalist, Michael Austen, near him, knocked that innocent individual down—then Crean, his Tipperary dander being up, very neatly laid out Sanderson alongside his victim—and in a jiffy the whole assembly of 'First Gentlemen in Europe,' was engaged in one of the most interesting mix-ups that has been seen in a century. An Irish journalist the next day recorded that when the fray was finished and the House had emptied, the battlefield 'was strewn with scarfpins and artificial teeth.'

"Tim Healy, several times shouldered out of the party of which he was at once the pride and the bane, a party which he couldn't lead and wouldn't follow, remained a free lance in the House of Commons for some time, tilting at pleasure against Conservatives, Liberals, Redmonites—and ever the fear and delight of the House. The terrace and smoking room quickly emptied and the House as quickly filled whenever the word flew round, 'Healy's up!' He fascinated his victims just as the snake is said to do. Men listened to him with a fearful delight, no one knowing where the lightning was next going to strike. He distributed his dagger thrusts with nonchalant impartiality—and in his later Parliamentary years his one rule of debate seemed to be, Wherever you see a head, hit it.

"He finally quitted Parliament and resumed his practice of the law—the most brilliant pleader and most formidable cross-examiner in Ireland."

P. W. Wilson, a former member of the British Parliament, who knew Healy personally, declares that he cannot escape his share of responsibility for the failure of previous attempts at Home Rule. Of Healy's relations with Lloyd George, Wilson writes:

"At the National Liberal Club they have put Lloyd George's portrait in the cellar, and I doubt whether Healy's was even hung. Yet there was many a night, now long ago, when Lloyd George might be seen there with Tim and 'Tay Pay' O'Connor, the three of them sitting grimly around a little table in the smoking-room and gossiping far into the early hours of the morning. . . . When the lights went out they would forage for matches and strike them one by one, as anecdote succeeded anecdote. Box after box would be consumed until, as a finale, the last relics of fuel would be piled on the table and the séance would end with a bonfire, flickering in the shadows. Only in the ultimate dark would these restless spirits separate for sleep.

"I regard him as my own boy,' he said once of Lloyd George, adding in an outburst of backbiting affection: 'I have never known a Minister show so much of what I may call handiness.'

"Why Tim disagreed with his friends is a secret best known to himself. Obviously there was a touch of what may be called emerald-eyed jealousy. But the real trouble lay deeper. In his serious mood Tim was the leader of the Clerical Nationalists against the liberal Nationalists. . . .

"I remember well the great occasion when Tim laid bare his innermost soul. The topic was education. The House was packed and excited. For twenty minutes Tim bristled with pointed thrusts. Then suddenly his voice broke. . . .

"I cannot spell. I cannot parse an English sentence. I cannot do the rule of three. I am supposed to know a little law—but that'—sardonically—'that, I think, is a mistake. But'—here the voice rasped out, tense and hoarse—'if there is one thing which I and mine have got a grip of, it is the belief in the infinite Christ to come'—at which he sat back, set his hat on his forehead, and glared at the House of Commons, which, electrified and dumfounded, knew not whether to cheer or be silent. . . .

"So Healy ascends his throne. . . . The question now is whether the critic can construct. Can the life-long ironist at length conciliate? Can the firebrand of former days quench the fire he helped to kindle? Disrobed of habitual cynicism, will the innermost saint disclose the practical statesman? . . .

"It is suggested that the man of many asperities may have mellowed. The Healy of private life, so charming, so gentle, so human, may have defeated the buccaneer of controversy. The keen rapier may be sheathed in an official scabbard. And gold lace . . . may ceremonialize the Ishmael-

ite and gild the shamrock in him to an evening glory."

Tim Healy is, at any rate, no creature of England. His appointment must have conciliated many who have been inclined to regard the Irish Free State Government as the *English* Free State Government. And, when all is said and done, the prime qualification for holding down the job of Governor-General Tim Healy possesses superabundantly; and that qualification is expressed in one word—courage!

THE RISE OF A NEWS BUTCHER TO A UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP

NO man could begin his career in the United States Senate more auspiciously than has the successor to Truman H. Newberry, Senator James Couzens, former mayor of Detroit and former partner of Henry Ford, and yet there is what is described, in the *Outlook*, as a millstone of thirty odd million dollars around his neck. The thirty odd millions represent the fortune Couzens amassed as treasurer and general manager of the Ford Motor Company from which he retired in 1915.

His appointment to the upper house at Washington has given publicity to the fact that Senator Couzens shares with Thomas A. Edison the distinction of having once been a "news butcher," selling "peanuts, candy, cigars, cigarets and all the latest magazines" on a backwoods railroad in Michigan. By a curious coincidence it was the identical road on which Edison had worked in the same capacity some years previously.

Senator Couzens is described, in the *New York Times*, as being thirty-four years older, but no more level-headed to-day than he was in those news-butcher days. His lips are thin and part so narrowly when he talks that he gives one the impression of speaking with gritted teeth. He has a square,

fresh-colored face, a fine forehead, a ruthless jaw and eyes as sharply blue as icicles. He doesn't readily lose his air of controlled dominance, but gives the impression of being pleasant rather than positive, always with the reservation denoted by a strong jaw and a keen glance. One would expect him to do the right thing in the right place without any question about it. In speech and manner he essentially is the business man. He has none of the frock-coated dignity often associated with the United States Senate. Neither has he that fluent gift of speech which goes so far in public life, but he is an earnest and convincing talker.

Senator Couzens is rumored to be, in Michigan politics, a stumbling-block in the way of Henry Ford. Another rumor has been to the effect that the traction interests of the country engineered his Senatorial appointment so as to remove Couzens from his (to them) dangerously successful sphere of influence in the operation of the municipally-owned street railways.

Questioned as to the validity of these rumors, Senator Couzens is quoted as being unable to see himself in either rôle. "I can never be a candidate for the Presidency, for I was born in Canada. Besides, I am confident that, if the Democratic party does not nomi-

nate Mr. Ford, he will run independently in the next campaign. He cannot see that a man must have a career in politics, just as in business. A man cannot start at the top in one any more than in the other. Mr. Ford would be the last one in the world to expect that anyone should begin his business career at the head of a company, say, like his own. Yet he thinks he can begin in politics as President of the United States. If I had been appointed Senator straight from the Ford office, it would have been a foolish political blunder. I doubt if I would have been considered at all if I had not been first Police Commissioner and then Mayor of Detroit."

Answering a pointed question as to the probability of the traction interests having influenced his appointment at the hands of the Governor (Groesbeck) of Michigan, Senator Couzens poo-pooed the idea, adding that "the justness of the principle of municipal ownership is not dependent on the retention in office of any one man, or any two, or any three men. And my leaving the mayoralty will not affect the operation of the street railways of Detroit. Municipal ownership is established there for all time to come. It will spread to other cities, too. I am satisfied that the people of all large cities want to own their own street railways. It is simply a question of finding out how to do it. I also believe in the municipal ownership of other public utilities, but only where that ownership can exercise an immediate supervision."

His acute vision of what constitutes public service is displayed in his assertion that very few highly successful business men are fitted to hold political office, for the reason that "men who have had the responsibility of directing large enterprises have become accustomed to dealing with things as things. A dollar means just a hundred cents, no more, no less. Machines mean just so much, no more, no less. Inevitably and automatically they reduce the value of men, and without ever meaning to be inhumane or inconsiderate, to one

common denominator. What is worse for them if they ever get into politics, as business men, if successful in a large way—nobody ever talks back to them. They give orders, and the orders are obeyed. That is all there is to it.

"In politics you reverse this process. You take orders, and you take orders from the people, and it is pretty hard for a man who has all his life given orders and who has been taught by everyone with whom he came in contact that his orders are just, and that even if unjust they have to be executed without delay or criticism; it is pretty hard for that type of man to begin all over again. He has to, or he can't succeed in politics."

Citing his own case as an example, Senator Couzens says that prior to 1915 his whole life was concerned exclusively with business. For a long time before that Henry Ford and he had divided the responsibility of the Ford Motor Company. Ford had charge of manufacture; Couzens had charge of finance, purchase and sales. "My sway in my department was the same as his in his. If he wanted to put five wheels on the Ford car I was not consulted. If I wanted to buy ten million tires or open a branch in South Africa, I did not consult him. When he built his new factory, his office was placed in the end near the power house, mine in the end near the bank. In my department I was the Ford Company, and I never had occasion to brook interference or criticism. This went on without one single word of inharmony between us, until one day during the war he took occasion to countermand one of my orders concerning material going into the paper he published. A quarrel resulted that lasted no more than thirty seconds, and that is the only time I ever had the slightest misunderstanding with Henry Ford. I resigned instantly, and sold out to him shortly after."

What was he to do? Still young, barely fifty, in perfect health, with more money than he could spend rationally, his taste for business suddenly seemed satisfied. He might have found-

ed another motor company, but that didn't appeal to him. While in this frame of mind he was appointed Police Commissioner of Detroit, without the slightest idea of what it might mean. Then for three years he fought thugs, prostitutes and the press. At least, he says, he began by fighting the press, and kept it up until he learned that the thing to do was to ignore it. For "a public man is a fool if he tries to control the newspapers, and he is a bigger fool if he is controlled by them."

Senator Couzens, in breaking the ice politically as a "millionaire cop" established, among other things, a bonus system to encourage efficiency in the Detroit Police Department, giving his entire salary of \$5,000 a year to the bonus fund. This was based on the idea he had used at Ford's of paying more than men expected. He directed his department to rid the city of every gambler, pickpocket, blind-pig operator and woman of the streets. He informed the police that there would be no further protection of places of vice or habitués of the underworld. He told the politicians to keep hands off his men. He put his whole department at the disposal of the law and other forces in attempting to prevent illegal voting methods. He served notice upon parasitic police-court lawyers that they could no longer prey upon prisoners or crookedly obtain the release of law violators.

Thus did its Police Commissioner put the lid on Detroit and became the most unpopular man in the city. At least that was what many people told him, especially when there was some discussion about his standing for Mayor. But stand he did, and elected he was, over five other candidates in the Republican primary and after a warm party campaign.

By the *Boston Globe* we are told that when Couzens became a partner with the greatest automobile genius in the world he was getting \$1,800 a year as a clerk. That was in 1903. He had \$400 of his own money; his employer gave him \$500, and he borrowed \$1,600 and banked the entire \$2,500 on Ford. Besides what he drew out during his service, Couzens was paid, as we have observed, \$30,000,000 for his holdings by Ford, upon quitting the company. One hundred dollars of the \$1,600 which Couzens borrowed he got from his sister. On that hundred she has received \$47,000 in cash and \$50,000 in stock dividends.

Senator Couzens believes that the biggest problem before the American people individually and collectively today is to make an honest living, and he is inclined to believe that the brain workers, who constitute the great middle class, should organize for their own protection and for the salvation of the country.

ZAHAROFF, THE MYSTERY MAN AND CROESUS OF EUROPE

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, accredited with being the richest and most mysterious man in Europe, has been "found out" by a Sherlock Holmes of the pen, Charles Merz, who in an extended article, in *Hearst's International*, dispels much of the myth which has cloaked this strange and tantalizing personality. We are told that Zaharia Zaharoff, as he was christened, was born in 1850 at Constantinople. His father was a Russian of Greek de-

scend and he began life humbly—earning his first money as a fireman. When the British acquired Cyprus in 1878, Zaharoff, who was then twenty-eight years old, called himself Z. Z. Williamson and appeared on the island with papers as a British subject. Knowing the English language well, he succeeded in selling military supplies to General—afterwards Viscount—Wolseley. He returned, however, suddenly to Constantinople, where occurred a lawsuit, of

which the records—says Merz—have disappeared!

Zaharoff went next to Athens, where a further trouble left him in prison under circumstances the record of which



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A COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO IN REAL LIFE

This is the first and only snapshot taken of Sir Basil Zaharoff, G.B.E., whom the war is said to have made "the richest man in Europe." It is safe to say that, being unmarried, he is at least an eligible bachelor par excellence financially.

again is missing. A British major of the Intelligence Section informs Merz that Zaharoff managed to elude the tedious processes of Greek law by purchasing a corpse, shot full of lead, bribing his guard, and so leaving behind him one designated as Zaharoff—"shot, attempting to escape."

Like Monte Cristo, Zaharoff was now legally deceased and what seem like fairy tales begin. With five francs he arrived in Paris. He later worked, it is said, as a day laborer for Krupps. He was even identified as President, under a name other than his own, of a Latin-American Republic. What seems fairly certain is that he became a merchant in a small way and a traveling salesman for the great armament firm of Vickers-Maxim. In Spain, where a senorita assisted him, in Russia, indeed everywhere, he obtained valuable contracts, being a complete cosmopolitan and an accomplished linguist. One may assume, too, that he was seldom deterred in his ascent by too nice a sense of superfluous scruples.

He was now well paid and he operated on the Paris Bourse, especially in Rio Tintos, adding greatly to his fortune. In Vickers-Maxim, he acquired what amounts to control. Of Barclay's Bank—one of the big British group—he is a director. Of various continental banks, Zaharoff is either on the board or a large depositor. He owns a half interest in Monte Carlo and has a house full of treasures in Paris. A widower, he is said to be by no means a woman-hater. That curious political genius, Aubrey Herbert, tells the British Parliament that Sir Basil Zaharoff is "the richest man in the world." Merz considers that "certainly he is the richest man in Europe." When Elizabeth Asquith was engaged to Prince Bibesco, she received from Sir Basil Zaharoff a box of white lilacs—with a check for one thousand pounds! He also subscribed to the restoration of Westminster Abbey.

About the fascination of the story told by Charles Merz, there is no doubt, but some of it, at least, is merely clever

assumption. A man may be rich and have many irons in the fire without being the richest or nearly the richest man in a continent that includes the Rothschilds, Leverhulme, Schneider, Stinnes—and others. Merz says truly that Zaharoff does not develop industries but exploits industries already in being.

The real question is what political influence, if any, has been exerted by this man. The world of oil is shared between "the Standard" and "the Shell" and it is "whispered" that "the Shell" is Zaharoff! It is his capital which has built huge storage plants and refineries in French ports. In Russia—need one add?—he was found doing business with "the shadowy court of the black-robed Rasputin." Oxford has made him an honorary Doctor of Civil Law. France has decorated him. And Britain has pinned on his bosom the Knight Grand Crosses of the Bath and of the British Empire. So be it, but in practical politics, what does it all amount to?

As super-salesman for Vickers-Maxim, Zaharoff had to be in touch with governments. It is only a government that can buy munitions. What he has wanted is simply orders for guns, shells or whatever else is made by his firm. Nine-tenths of his machinations, if analyzed, would be reduced to this matter of mere business. Every great munition firm has agents decorated by grateful governments.

The remaining tenth can be expressed in the simple statement that, according to what is alleged; he subscribed heavily to Lloyd George's political war chest and so secured the support of Great Britain for Greece. That Zaharoff favored Greece and even financed Greek purchases of war-stores, and that, at the same time, he supported the Coalition of which Lloyd George is the head, is all inherently probable. But, according to Merz himself, Zaharoff also cultivated the As-

quiths, who are Lloyd George's bitter rivals, and is on excellent terms with France and the French banks, whom Lloyd George is severely criticizing. Zaharoff is thus strictly an international without any definite political or racial affiliation. Anybody, anywhere, may be at any time either his friend or his foe—his tool or the monkey wrench in his machine.

The charge that he has financed Lloyd George probably means no more than that he has joined with scores of other rich men in all parties who make political contributions. For instance, the Asquith group is backed by Lord Cowdray, a wealthy contractor, also known in "oil." If Zaharoff wanted Lloyd George to help Greece with men, money and munitions, then it can only be said that he signally failed. For the accusation against Lloyd George is that he "advised" the Greeks, only to leave them in the lurch. Equally manifest has been Zaharoff's failure in any attempt that he may have made to dissuade France from supporting the Turk. With Zaharoff in Paris, working his utmost magic, Franklin Bouillon—a pro-Turk—was sent none the less to Angora, to furnish arms to Kemal for use against Greece!

The fact is, of course, that Zaharoff, as salesman, as banker, as financier, as speculator, has his own game to play, and that, while he uses events, he and his kind have seldom done much to mold them. If he shuns the reporters and the light of publicity, it is perhaps because his power, such as it is, would not survive an hour of full publicity. He is an adroit, suave, industrious little man, born and bred a Levantine, who has profited enormously out of the war-mentality of Europe. Having said that, there is little more to be said about Sir Basil Zaharoff, save the personal gossip of private life which may be picked up, more or less accurately, by any society scribe taking notes.



NEW LIGHT ON THE WOMEN WHOM LINCOLN LOVED

THIS fifty-eighth year since Abraham Lincoln died has been marked by the publication of two new books dealing with his personal traits. The first, entitled "The Real Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin), by Jesse W. Weik, is a kind of sequel to Herndon's famous biography. The second, "Lincoln: An Account of His Personal Life" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, is an intimate study of character-growth. Both books endeavor to elucidate phases of Lincoln's career that have hitherto been dark, and the first makes a real contribution to our knowledge of his women friends.

Mr. Weik, who collaborated with Herndon in the latter's life of Lincoln, quotes Herndon's statement that Lincoln "had a strong, if not terrible, passion for women. He could hardly keep his hands off a woman, and yet, much

to his credit, he lived a pure and virtuous life." This quotation throws its own light on the suffering that Lincoln must have endured in his first three love-affairs. We know that after the death of Ann Rutledge he was in an almost suicidal state. We also know that he proposed to Mary Owens and was rejected by her. It is not so well known that a third woman in his life was Sarah Rickard. Mr. Weik himself talked with this lady, who recalled that Lincoln had accompanied her to the first real theatrical performance, with the regulation stage and curtain, ever given in Springfield, Illinois. He tells us further:

"Her name being Sarah, Lincoln, in pressing his suit, urged that because the Sarah of Bible times became the wife of Abraham, therefore she, Sarah Rickard, in view of that precedent, was preor-



AN OBJECT OF LINCOLN'S UNRECIPROCATED LOVE

Mary Owens is said to have been the most intelligent of Lincoln's early women-friends, and the one who came nearest to fathoming his possibilities.



THIS LADY ALSO WAS WOODED BY LINCOLN IN VAIN

Sarah Rickard declared that Lincoln's "peculiar manner and general deportment would not be likely to fascinate a young lady entering the society world."

dained to marry Abraham Lincoln! Droll and curious though this argument was, the lady admitted that it was not without some weight in her own mind, but that it failed eventually to win her consent because of the objection of an elder sister who contended that she was too young to think seriously of matrimony. But even that probably was not the real reason; for, in a letter from her which now lies before me, Sarah herself says: 'Mr. Lincoln became daily more attentive and I found I was beginning to like him; but you know his peculiar manner and general deportment would not be likely to fascinate a young lady entering the society world.'

There has always been some doubt regarding the actual facts in connection with Lincoln's marriage to Mary Todd. As Herndon tells the story, their wedding was to have taken place on January 1, 1841. "Nothing," according to his account, "was lacking but the groom. For some strange reason he had been delayed. An hour passed and the guests as well as the bride were becoming restless. But they were all doomed to disappointment. Another hour passed; messengers were sent out over town and, each returning with the same report, it became apparent that Lincoln, the principal in this little drama, had purposely failed to appear! The bride, in grief, disappeared to her room; the wedding supper was left untouched; the guests quietly and wonderingly withdrew; the lights in the Edwards mansion were blown out, and darkness settled over all for the night." This story has been questioned by Ida M. Tarbell, Henry B. Rankin and other biographers of Lincoln, and is discredited by Nathaniel Stephenson, but is characterized as substantially true by Jesse Weik. Mr. Weik bases his conclusion on a conversation that he had with Mary Todd's sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards. She told him that arrangements for the wedding had been made, even cakes prepared, but that Lincoln had failed to appear. She also said that Mary had been "greatly mortified" by Lincoln's strange conduct. Her wounded feelings and Lincoln's vacillations kept them apart until



LINCOLN'S WIFE

Mary Todd Lincoln is described as a woman of ungovernable temper who, nevertheless, brought indispensable gifts of character and temperament to her husband's support.

twenty months later, when the wedding at last took place.

Another controversial theme provided by Lincoln's life is that connected with his wife's character and influence. The question has often been asked, Was their marriage a success or a failure? and much has been published on the negative side of the question. Even Mr. Weik, who inclines to the view that the marriage, on the whole, was successful, conveys the impression that Mary had an ungovernable temper and was very difficult to get along with. He makes us realize, however, that Mrs. Lincoln, just because she was so different from her husband, proved of great assistance to him. She was often a better judge of human motives than he was. She was more practical than he.

All of Lincoln's biographers agree that he lacked a "money sense." He gave away money when he ought to have kept it, and had little power of acquisition. It is partly because of this quality in him that, after his assassination in 1865, his widow and children

found themselves in financial difficulties. A "Dollar Fund" had to be started in their behalf, and Benjamin B. Sherman, who was in charge of the fund, turned over nearly \$11,000 to the family. Mr. Sherman's grandson, B. Sherman Fowler, a composer, has lately discovered, in a secret compartment of an old rosewood desk, two letters written by Mrs. Lincoln to Mr. Sherman during this period. These were published in the *New York Times*. Here is the first, dated Chicago, December 26, 1865:

"My Dear Sir: Although my son wrote you a letter yesterday, I have concluded to write and thank you, most gratefully, for your kind interest in our deeply afflicted family. We have, indeed, lost our all; the idolized husband and father is no more with us, and, if possible, our adverse fate and the great injustice of a people who owed so much to my beloved husband does not contribute toward lessening our

heavy trials. Sir Morton Pelo gave a farewell dinner to his friends in New York in return for their polite attentions to him. We are homeless, and in return for the sacrifices my great and noble husband made, both in his life and in his death, the paltry first year's salary is offered us; under the circumstances, such injustice has been done us as calls the blush to any true, loyal heart. The sum is in reality only \$20,000, as the first month's salary was paid my husband, and I presume the tax on it will be deducted from it. The interest of it will be about \$1,500. I am humiliated when I think that we are destined to be forever homeless. I can write no more. I remain, very respectfully,

"MARY LINCOLN.

"P. S.—I omitted to say, my dear Mr. Sherman, mentioning to you what has been told me several times lately; persons apparently reliable saying that to their knowledge \$10,000 in money toward the dollar fund had been raised in Boston. I mention this so that you might write to

Boston to ascertain the truth of this report. Knowing my anxiety to have a home where we could at least have some privacy and your good feeling for us in our distress will, I am sure, induce you to write about this to B. Excuse my troubling you in this matter, &c. I agree with R. (her son Robert) it is best not to advertise; if there is anything at such an hour as this, it will be forthcoming.

"M. L."

The second letter, written two weeks later, is more complicated; and four other letters, written early in 1866 to General Francis E. Spinner, then Treasurer of the United States, deal with the investment of \$22,000 allowed by Congress to Mrs. Lincoln.



© H. T. Webster

HARDIN COUNTY, 1809

"Any news down t' th' village, Ezry?"

"Well, Squire McLean's gone t' Washin'ton t' see Madison swore in, an' ol' Spellman tells me this Bonaparte fella has captured most o' Spain. What's new out here, neighbor?"

"Nuthin' a tall, nuthin' a tall, 'cept fer a new baby down t' Tom Lincoln's. Nuthin' ever happens out here."

—Webster in *New York Globe*.



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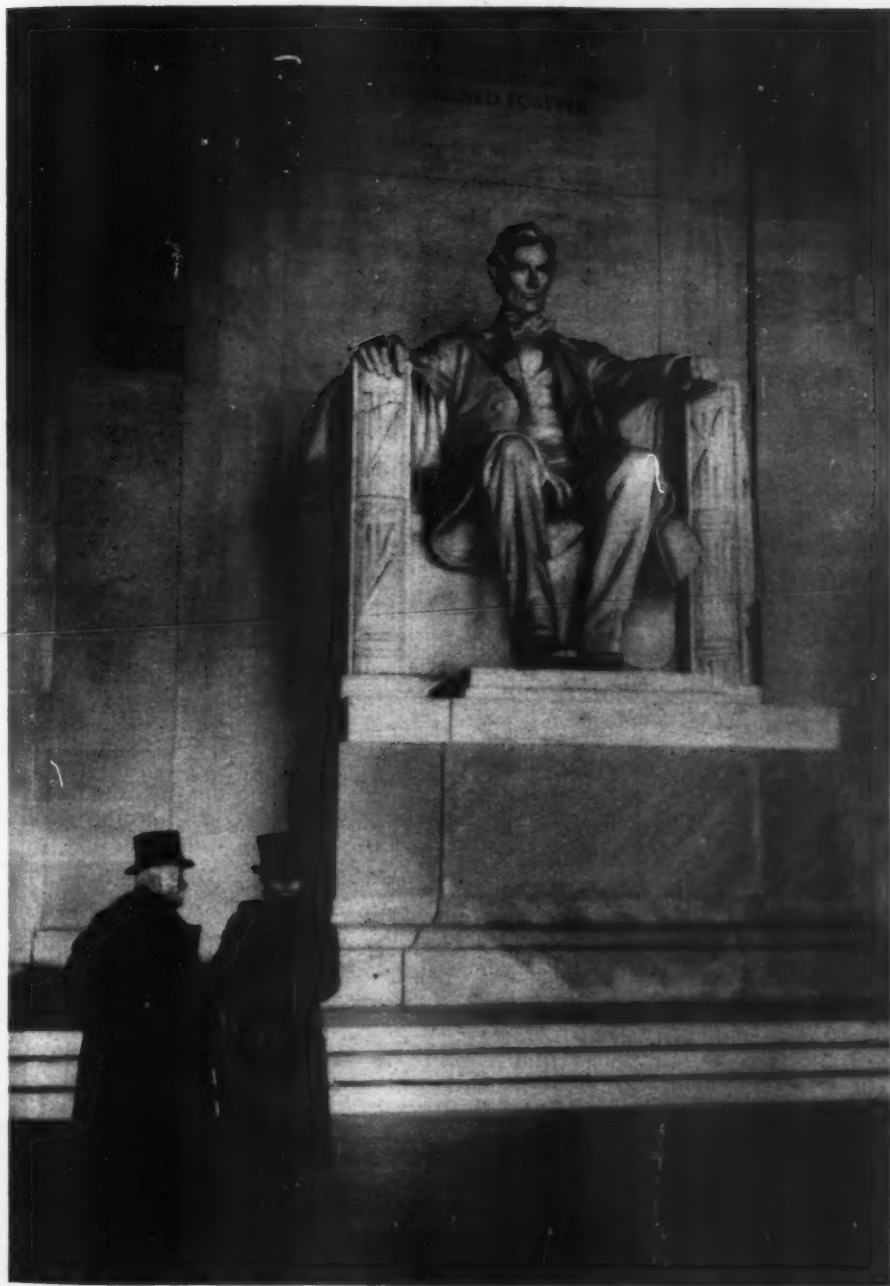
POPE PIUS XI. HOLDS HIS FIRST CONSISTORY IN THE VATICAN

His Holiness recently created several new cardinals during the impressive ceremonies which attended the pontifical occasion in Rome.



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"WASHINGTON, I AM HERE"
So the "Tiger of France," Georges Clemenceau, is said to have murmured at the grave of "the Father of His Country," which he visited at Mount Vernon, Va.



© Paul Thompson—Harris & Ewing

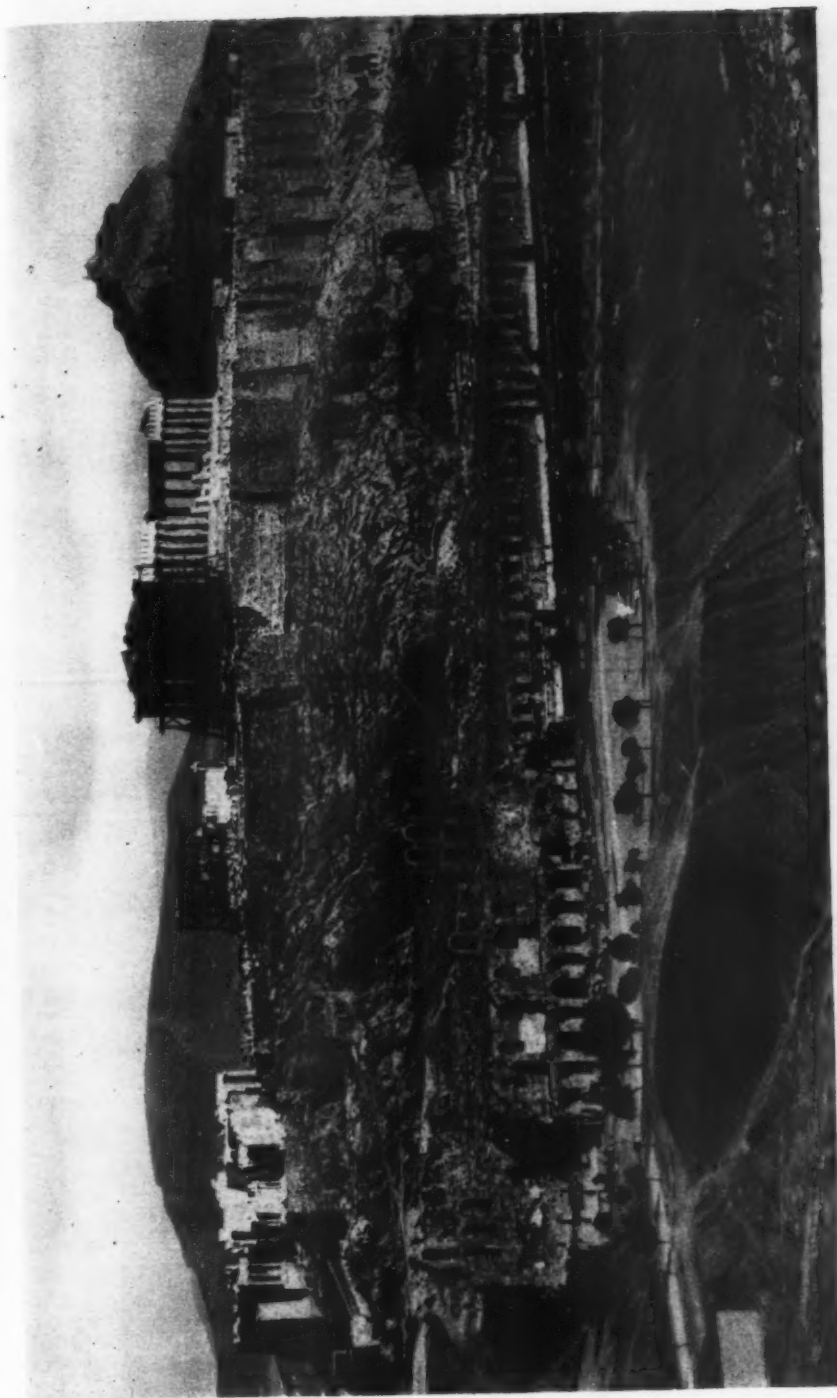
"THE TIGER OF FRANCE" PAYS TRIBUTE TO "THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR"
When in Washington, M. Clemenceau, once "the best swordsman in France," became short of breath while he and Ambassador Jusserand were mounting the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.



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SOLDIERS GUARD THE GREATEST "FIND" IN EGYPT IN THIS GENERATION

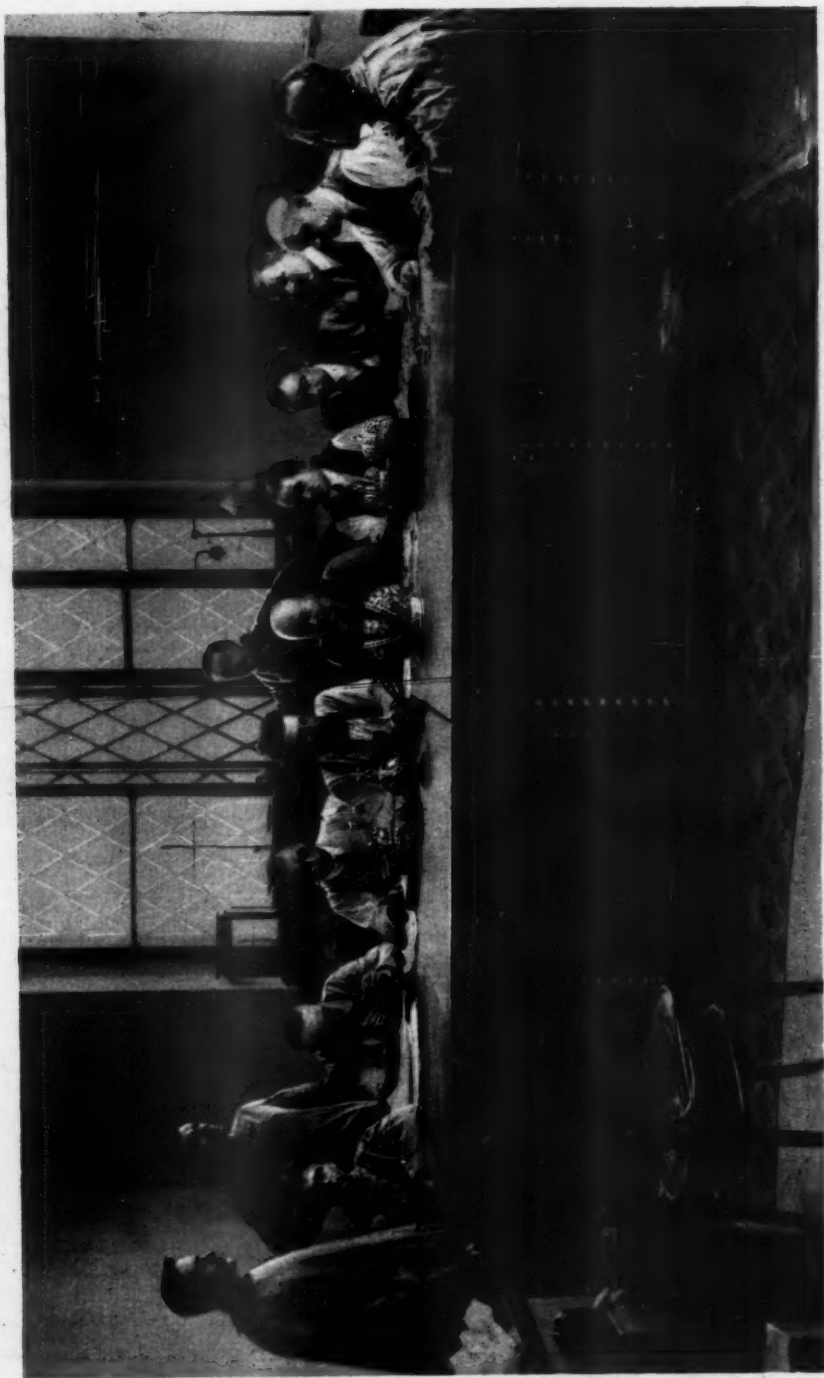
Over the gateway to the tomb of Rameses VI, under which has been unearthed the tomb of Tutankhamen, son-in-law of Akhnaton, "the first individual in human history." In one subterranean chamber Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter discovered treasures valued at \$15,000,000.



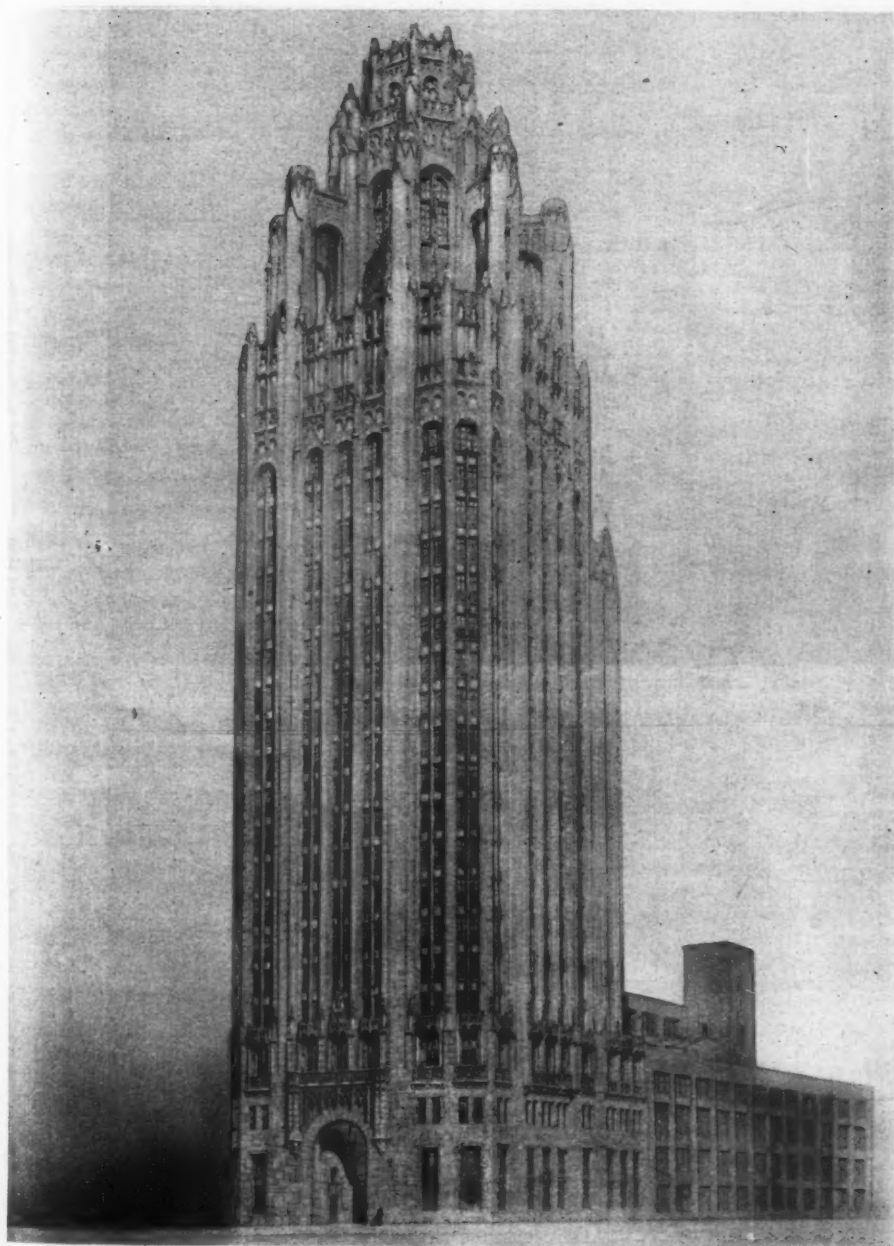
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AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGISTS ARE RESTORING THE ATHENIAN PARTHENON

The great work, interrupted by Constantine's abdication, has been resumed by Prof. Dinsmoor, of Columbia University, showing the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis with the scaffolding in position.



© Wide World Photos
SHIRT-SLEEVED SOVIET CUSTODIANS OF RUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS THAT ARE NOW ON THE MARKET
Centered is the Imperial Russian Crown weighing over four pounds and containing the world's largest ruby, together with fifty thirty-karat diamonds;
and a sparkling heaven of lesser stones, valued at many millions of American dollars.



©P & A Photos

THIS DESIGN, "A GOTHIC EXPRESSION OF THE AMERICAN SKYSCRAPER THEME," WON
A \$50,000 PRIZE

Competing with architects of twenty-three nations, John Mead Howells, of New York, son of the novelist, William Dean Howells, won the right to build what is to be called "The Tribune Tower" in Chicago.



© Wide World Photos

HE "LOOKS LIKE JOSEPH CONRAD" AND "SLEEPS LIKE THOMAS A. EDISON"

But this is Don Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish dramatist, a chronic night owl of the pen, who has received the Nobel prize for literature.



© Keystone View Co.

A NOBEL-PRIZE-WINNING FRIEND OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, former arctic explorer, is rewarded for his Near East relief work and for his endeavors to promote a brotherhood of nations.

TWILIGHT OF THE GOD

The Tale of a Sea Dog and a Worm That Turned

By MARY HEATON VORSE

SANTOS didn't want to go home, and that was a fact. He told as much to his mate, Deutra, as he clambered over the side of his vessel, the *Maria Virginia*. He said:

"I don't want to go home to-night. I'm damned if I do!" And to emphasize it, he spat in the water which reflected the violent crimson of the sunset.

"Why not?" asked the mate, though he knew well enough the reluctance with which many men married a long time turn their footsteps toward home.

"I don't want to go home because my house hates me," said Santos.

"You mean you hate your house," said the mate.

He was a huge red-faced man whose belly swung as he walked.

"No," said Santos, "I mean just what I say. I mean that my house hates me! It seems, when I go in, as gloomy as a woman who never wanted you to come and who wishes you'd go. My house hates me."

SANTOS was sitting high on the dory thwarts. His well-shod feet were placed daintily where the luster of his shoes would be undimmed. In the evening light the face of the men rowing him looked scarlet. They gazed at Santos with affectionate and respectful eyes, for he was an able captain and a great killer and they were in from a great catch.

"You should have stayed in Boston," said the mate, eying Santos through his little piggy eyes which were like shining slits in his fleshy jowls. "What you need is a bat. There isn't a man who doesn't get tired of his wife now and then!" In this simple manner the mate interpreted Santos' discontent.

Santos said no more, for he wanted un-

MANELL SANTOS, skipper of the New England coasting vessel "*Maria Virginia*," was a god with feet of clay. Otherwise he would not have been so human as he is revealed to be in this singularly powerful story which we reprint from "*Harper's Magazine*," by special permission of Harper and Brothers. It is regarded by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences as a prize story of the year.

derstanding. The reason Santos hated his house was that it was drenched with tears and it was empty.

Santos' wife, Julia, was a plain, good woman. She was little and swart and her eyebrows met in a sullen line. She had been childless

for five years, and for this she had somehow managed to shift the blame to Santos in a skilful woman's fashion. Then she had had a child which had died as it was born. At this Santos' mother commented:

"It's too bad, Manell, that you should be married to an awful plain, homely woman, but that you got a homely woman an' a barren woman, too, is worse than any man deserves!"

After the baby, Julia was harder to get on with than ever. The first few times Santos came home and found her crying over the useless baby clothes he had been moved and he had petted Julia and loved her; later her tears had made him angry, for he had felt the lack of children to the core of his heart. The desire for children clamored loud in Santos to make up for his swarthy, nagging wife who kept such a jealous watch on him. He could feel her watching him all the time, every minute, when they went out town. When Julia was along he could take no pleasure in the admiring glances of the girls who looked at him, for she was jealous in a covert underhand fashion.

TO-NIGHT Santos felt sure he would find her sniveling over the baby clothes again. He had a wordless perception that she did this to rivet his attention on her. But she only greeted him in an accusing sort of way, and after supper he sat smoking on the veranda, figuring out all over again how he had come to marry Julia.

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When he was a bachelor he roomed at her grandmother's with whom she lived. He never noticed Julia for a long time. Then he saw that when he passed her an ugly red would cover her face. Next he noticed how quick and trim she was about the house. Santos was keeping company at that time with Nellie Cabral, a wild, splendid-looking girl. He was even thinking it was time he got married, when he caught Nellie kissing his handsome cook, Anthony Silva. His pride and his vanity were hurt, and when he next saw Nellie on the boardwalk he didn't speak to her. Santos missed Nellie. He missed her kisses and her pretty cajoling ways, and for several days he was misanthropic.

One night he came home and as he went into his room he was conscious of some one there. Then he saw that it was Julia silhouetted against the window.

"Julia," he said softly, "what is it? What do you want?"

"You—" she answered.

"W-what? . . ." He had a sudden feeling of intense surprise; a sort of gladness swept through him.

She stood, there, little and humble and very lonely.

"I love you," she said into the silence. Her voice was very low, hardly above a whisper, and clear like the note of a bell.

HE found himself shaking with excitement. There was something in her sheer audacity that roused him and pleased him as beauty never had.

"See here," he said, "see here. I—I don't love you."

"Oh, I know—I know—but I love you—I've always loved you."

It touched him inexpressibly. It soothed his vanity, too. He admired her blank courage. His heart pounded so it hurt him. She stood there waiting.

The air in the room seemed thick to Santos. Suddenly he seemed nearer to this plain little girl with her heavy lips than he had ever been to anyone else.

Caution stood a moment beside him. But she had bared her heart and it left him helpless. Then suddenly she sank down on the edge of the bed. He could see her dim outline shaking with sobs.

She had vanquished him by her humble audacity and he had married her.

But always she knew he had never loved her, and for this and her childlessness she had never forgiven him. He was a handsome, gay man and the eyes of women

followed him. She didn't forgive him for this either.

HE was thinking of all these things when Julia joined him on the veranda. After a time:

"I'm going out to walk," said Santos.

Julia answered nothing to this, and he sauntered down the brick walk. The streets were full of shadowy people; they seemed eager and happy to Santos, who felt remote and cut away from life. Two girls passed by, staring at Santos with the boldness of seaport girls. They were handsome, with cheeks like apricots, and well built. He wished he was in a strange town so he could talk and laugh with them; but even away from Julia he was still tied to her. Her sad, hostile presence was there beside him.

There was no escape.

He didn't know where he would go. He thought he might stop at the pool-room or the movies. But then the music of a dance at the town hall struck his ears, and indifferent as a jelly fish in the tide, he wandered up the steps. Santos, drifting in on a slack tide of idleness, all his desires adrift, everything in him slack, ebb tide of the spirit, ran into Victoria Sonza.

He ran into her literally, caroomed against her, drifting as he was on the stream of inertia and disgust. For a minute they stood staring at each other, at first in amazement and then in glad recognition, as though the mute blind self who knows no obligation but the obligations of its desires had cried out: "Here is my mate."

Victoria was a tall woman, and when this happens among the Portuguese such a woman is of extreme magnificence. Victoria's eyes were deep and melancholy; her mouth, darker than a pomegranate flower, had the disconsolate droop of a woman made for love whose life is unfulfilled. Her face was a pale olive accented by her deep eyes and her dark, crimson mouth. Her skin was drawn smoothly over her cheeks.

Some one introduced them. Santos, with his eyes on this woman who suddenly seemed more his own than any other human creature, could not remember afterward who it was who said their names. He held out his arms and she came to them, and as they danced they seemed to flow along like two streams joined. This woman danced close to him, enveloping him with her nearness.

"Are you a single woman?" he asked her, knowing well enough what the answer would be.

"No," she answered.

THOUGH Santos had expected this, her words were a sharp knife in his side. Then Santos knew that he loved this woman, Victoria, though he didn't put it into words. She did not spur his fancy as did the little girls he met on the street. She was not escape from Julia, or entertainment, or passion. She was his woman. She was his mate without argument or question. He did not tell her these things; he only suffered because both of them were bound to some one else. Yet he was glad, too, with an overwhelming gladness, as though he had always before been a cripple and now, with this woman in his arms, he was whole. To spare himself from the silence of confession:

"Do you live here?" he asked. "I don't remember I saw you before."

"We've just come. My husband just opened a tailor shop."

"Where 'bouts do you live?"

"Next Manell Santos' house. You know, the big white one with green verandas all around."

"That's my house," said Manell. "You live next door to me. I am Manell Santos!"

They looked at each other, glad and terrified at once as people are when in the hands of fate. The music stopped.

"My husband's over there," she said. "Come and I'll make you acquainted."

She introduced Manell to a little, stoop-shouldered man, a half head shorter than herself. He was a drab fellow, who looked at Victoria with submissive adoration.

SHE kept her husband in the conversation, praised him, brought him out as though defying anyone to wonder why she had married him.

The Sonzas and the Santos became friends. They would all four sit on the Santos' wide veranda and Julia and Anthony would talk about their gardens. Victoria and Manell didn't talk; they had no need to. There were nights when Manell wondered that Julia wasn't seized with jealous fury. He could feel love stream out of him toward Victoria, his woman, sitting there quiet, her eyes burning him. But Julia prattled on about cuttings and seedlings.

SO things went on. But every time Santos came home from a cruise he would see Victoria waiting on a wharf. She would make no sign, she would stand there waiting until Manell was over the side of the vessel. Then she would be home before he was, her hungry eyes watching for him. One thing they had. When Manell was home they went to the dance in the town hall, Anthony and Manell and Victoria, for Julia would not go. Then for a moment as they danced Santos would hold Victoria in his arms; for a moment they belonged to each other. They said everything and they said nothing.

Then one evening Victoria came to the house.

"Is Julia home?" she asked as Manell answered her knock.

"She's up street. Come in, won't you?"

Victoria hesitated as though trying to defy fate.

"Sit down and wait," Manell insisted gently.

For a moment they were silent, and then Manell reached over for her hand.

"Victoria," he began—and before he could say any more Julia and Santos' mother came down the street absorbed in talk.

Julia was voluble as Santos had never seen her, and she was angry! She was telling a long story to old Mrs. Santos, indignation in her sharp gestures. The old woman shrugged with the fatalism of the aged. Victoria and Manell looked at each other. A thought leaped between them. It was: "*They are talking about us!*"

All that night Santos didn't sleep. All that night his mind buzzed like a fly in a spider's web. One thing stood out:

He loved Victoria and she loved him, and to-morrow they were going to the dance and the next day his vessel cleared.

So as usual the trio went to the town hall, and during the dance:

"Victoria," said Manell, "come outside to the wharf with me."

THEY walked out proudly, defying the eyes of the curious people thronging the doors. A strong tide bore them along. They walked to the end of the wharf, keeping a space between them, not speaking. A shed at the wharf's end threw an impenetrable angular shadow. Manell drew Victoria into its sheltering darkness and would have put his arms around her, but she lifted a warning hand.

"Santos," she said, "don't touch me."

"Oh, you're a good woman, are you?" said Santos. "For all the way you hold me when you dance and the way I can't come home from my vessel without finding your eyes burning me." For Santos when he was angry defied the world and didn't care for consequences.

"No," said Victoria, "I'm only proud. I want everything or nothing, Manell Santos! I'll run away with you, Santos, or you let me be!"

Santos felt like a gutted fish. He felt empty and as though he had no insides left. He felt as if he'd been drinking and couldn't find his feet. It frightened him to death to think of eloping and it burned him, too. Thoughts crowded his brain like mackerel in a net. He thought about his crew and what they'd say, and where people lived when they eloped, and about little, swarthy Julia sitting sniveling over the baby clothes.

Stronger than all of this was Victoria's courage. He could think of nothing to say, so he put his arms around Victoria and kissed her. She struggled and fought with him and he kissed her to submission.

"When will you come?" he asked her, though he felt a good deal as though he were asking her when they should jump off Fish Wharf together.

"I'll go to-morrow," she said. "I'll go any time."

HE sat in his room that night feeling winded. Then he began to figure what could be done. He sailed on the next day's tide, and Victoria could meet him in Boston. Afterward—he could think that out later. He started to go to Victoria. The boldness of her beckoned to him. He loved her because she had the bold design of leaving with him.

As he started for Victoria's he met Julia in the hall. She did not see him. She was going toward her room. She was so little and looked so defenseless that suddenly Santos knew he could not leave her. She had in life little enough; he could not leave her defenseless to pity.

He found Victoria waiting for him. She looked like a flower over which a blight has passed.

"Santos," she said, "I can't. I thought I could. Anthony—he's so little. He's got only me. I—I never loved him right."

"I know," said Santos, "I know."

They stood together united by their relinquishment. Then Santos left her. San-

tos went aboard his vessel with the peace of death in his heart.

In the summer of '19 a terrible storm smote all the New England coast. It came down on the fishermen without warning, and there were crews and there were vessels who never saw land again. Provincetown and Gloucester and New Bedford were full of lamentations of widows when the storm lifted. When the hurricane descended the *Maria Virginia* had just cleared George's Banks, full of fish and bound for Boston.

Santos looked in death's eye with indifference. It was as though his will to live had gone out of his body. He had been dashed back and forth in the grip of love and the renunciation of love, and he watched the storm without the tensing of will and muscle that danger usually brought to him. Slack and indifferent, he gave his orders. He welcomed the storm's death-bringing fury. Let it overwhelm him in the sea. He didn't care. Let it break the sinister monotony. Manell welcomed it. It made his heart lighter to think of death, for Santos knew life was no good to him any more since it could not hold Victoria.

AT last the storm came crying in from the far reaches of the Atlantic. Something savage and glad sprang up in Santos to welcome it. An ache for death rushed over him. He wanted at any price to be free. He wanted never again to hear Julia's flat whine. He wanted never again to feel Julia's damp, clinging hands. He could have shouted in answer to the shriek of the wind.

The seething madness of the storm closed down upon him. The wind came streaming down like the black madness of murder. Sound incalculable filled the universe. The *Maria Virginia* shrieked under the blow like a living creature wounded to its death.

Then suddenly more powerful than the impact of the storm, sprang up Santos' will to live.

A single thought, unified as light, had come on the wings of peril. It was:

"I must have Victoria."

The vessel bent over to the gale and fled before it like a live creature driven by fire. And then, with a terrible rending, her mainmast went and she almost with it, while her crew labored to clear her of this wagging burden.

There were hours when Santos saw his

vessel overwhelmed. There were hours when he saw himself and all his crew at the sea's bottom. And all the time there worked for Santos some unknown sense. The storm never conquered him. He was a puny human creature, but with some spark in him to match and conquer the blind incomparable fury of the storm. He fought the storm for his love. He wrested his love from the fury of death. In after years the crew told him how Manell Santos rode death as if it were a horse.

The absolute necessity to live had gripped him—the supreme need of living that has dotted the pages of history with miracle and resurrection. Santos was born again and his new united soul could not know defeat.

Later as the storm abated and, crippled but safe, he sailed into harbor, pity had been burned from him and old scruples. The thou-shalt-nots of church and town had been torn away in the storm. His mind was made up.

He stoop to run away? He would go to Julia and Anthony and tell them what was in his heart. For Santos intended to ride life as he had ridden out the hurricane. He had been saved to live. He had come to this necessity in the storm's unspeakable travail. This resolve had been welded in him by death itself.

He sailed into harbor as near a god as man ever becomes. His men looked at him with humble adoration. They had been dead men; he had given them life. More than that, he had won back life for himself. He was reborn. He had left Julia behind as one leaves a dark dream. As though resurrected, he was coming to claim Victoria for his woman.

THE was not there to meet him. No one met Santos. Other men's wives were there, but not Victoria, not Julia.

The women looked at him with veiled pity in their eyes. No one came too near Santos. It seemed as if a vacuum had been made around him. A feeling of discomfort grew on him and with discomfort came anger. His own men were staring at him.

What had happened? His men who had looked at him with the adoring eyes of those who have been snatched from the hand of death now drew back from him.

Santos was used to admiration and respect, so he walked up the street in growing anger, in deepening amazement. Acquaintances ducked past him in embar-

rassed haste, in their eyes this puzzling veiled pity—pity for Santos who had been stronger than death.

He hurried along, his eyes searching hungrily for Victoria. She was nowhere, Julia was nowhere. He had returned braced for combat. He had expected to ride over the flood of Julia's reproaches as over the fury of the storm. And now there was nothing over which to ride. He felt winded as a man who jumps from a height—who feels the ground rise up to meet him.

He stormed up the steps of his home. The door was locked.

He shook the door and cried out into the silence:

"Julia," and again, "Julia," but as he cried his eyes searched Victoria's home. It turned blank, empty windows on him, as stony as his own locked front door.

DREAD plucked at Santos' heart. Slowly he went to his side door. It opened to his hand. The house had an air of emptiness. There was none of the cheerful litter of a lived-in abode. It was as neat as a room where death had been. He walked through the house, and as he did a slow, stealthy fear traveled up Santos' back, a certainty formed itself in the back of his mind.

Downstairs a door opened and light footsteps sounded through the house. He turned and faced Victoria.

"Oh, Manell," she faltered, "Manell—" All her anxiety, all her love was in the caress of his name. For her he was resurrected from the dead. "We thought—you—wouldn't get back."

She was here in his house, speaking to him in the voice of love. He drew back from her as though to ward off her love in the presence of the wronged dead.

"Where's Julia?"

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"Dead?" cried Manell.

"Dead!" Victoria exclaimed. "No, gone, run off with *Anthony Sonza*! Who would have thought? Gone together and left us this letter—telling how they couldn't stand your ways—your ways—my ways—any more. And the town laughing and holding its sides. Gone like rats—cleared out!"

She looked at him with the eyes of love. Then, her arms dropped, the happiness in her eyes changed to blankness. "I thought you'd be glad," she faltered.

(Concluded on page 244)

THE SECRET OF MARCEL PROUST'S APPEAL

BY a strange coincidence, the first translation of the writings of Marcel Proust has appeared in this country almost contemporaneously with his death. We may speak, in a sense, of "Swann's Way" (Holt) as his monument and memorial. In another sense we may say that it is his introduction to Americans who until now had never heard of him. This book was published in 1913 as the first volume of a series which he never finished. The second volume, "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," won for him the Goncourt Prize in 1919, and marked him as an outstanding French writer, comparable in importance with Anatole France. The third volume, "Le Côté de Guermantes," and the beginning of the fourth volume, "Sodom et Gomorrhe," were published in 1920 and 1921 as integral parts of a project which, if carried to conclusion, would have resulted in the longest novel ever written.

Dozens of tributes to Proust have been printed in English and American papers during recent weeks, and dozens more will be written in interpretation and explanation of his unique qualities as man and as writer. We are hearing much of that cork-lined chamber in the Rue Hamelin in which he chose to isolate himself from a world that, except for the device, might have interrupted his labors or his slumbers. We are told that he liked the best of everything—elegant women, aristocratic drawing-rooms, great cosmopolitan gatherings—and was seldom seen before nine o'clock in the evening, and then always in evening clothes. He was fifty-one years old when he died. His father was a professor of medicine. His mother was a Jewess.

All of which may help in the building up of a correct estimate of this unique genius who writes with a strong infusion of the autobiographical and who knows "society" because he has lived

in it. Marcel Proust is a great literary artist, but he owes his influence quite as much to his psychological insight as to his literary art.

He has been compared with Balzac, but he is a miniaturist where Balzac painted with broad strokes. He is nearer to Henry James, and he shares with John Ruskin (whom he greatly admired) a capacity for rapture and an intense analytical faculty.

The opening chapters of "Swann's Way," so well translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, describe the hypothetical writer (whom we cannot help identifying with M. Proust himself) awakening from sleep. In the effort to recognize his room he is carried back in memory to his childhood days and recalls, in particular, the agonies he suffered when his much-loved mother sent him one night to bed without his usual kiss. From this central point he explores the past until his mind's eye rests on the figure of Charles Swann, a Jew, rich, gifted with every charm of mind and delicacy of feeling. It was Swann, we learn, whose presence at dinner had cut him off from the good-night kiss. It was Swann also, as we find later, who became a mysterious hero in the boy's universe, with mother and grandmother as guardian angels.

The picture changes and the grown man reappears. He is in his home in Paris, dipping a *madeleine*, or small cake, into a cup of tea. Again a set of memories transforms his mental atmosphere. He is at home with his aunt, tasting the sop which she used to give him. Gradually he begins to recreate another aspect of the past—his aunt Léonie's house at Combray, Françoise the faithful servant, and, above all, his walks *du côté de chez Swann*, on that side of the town where the road skirted Swann's park. The boy has been forbidden to walk on Swann's side, for Swann has made a

scandalous marriage and his wife is not considered respectable.

Now there is another abrupt change and we get an account of how Swann's mistress, Odette de Crécy, became his wife. We begin to realize that the behavior of Swann's mind during his love-affair is governed by the same laws as those that operate in the writer's rediscovery of his childhood. While Swann's passion for Odette grows, hers for him diminishes; but, in the midst of his suffering, his knowledge and memory of their love seem to have dissolved. It is only when he goes to a musical evening in the Faubourg St. Germain that he understands what he has lost. The pianist begins a sonata. Swann hears a little musical phrase that he has been wont to associate with Odette. His mind, so to speak, is flooded with memories. The particularity of his love returns with a stab.

These three incidents may well serve as illustrations of the peculiar method of Marcel Proust and as explanations of his haunting appeal. He is always esthetic in his response to experience. He reminds one of a sentence of Petronius: "The mind longs for what it has lost, and is wholly occupied in conjuring up the past."

We are conscious, as J. Middleton Murry puts it in the *Quarterly Review*, that a single sensibility pervades all parts of his work; and this sensibility is our chief concern. The underlying motive which animates it is the dependence of memory and mental life as a whole upon association. "Without the taste of *madeleine*, the boy's past at Combray, without the *petite phrase*," Mr. Murry reminds us, "Swann's knowledge of the realities of his love for Odette would have been sunk in the dark background and abysm of time." This psychological fact at once governs the conduct of the narrative itself and determines the conduct of various characters who appear in it. More than this, as Mr. Murry points out, the act of penetrating through some present circumstance to a fragment of past

experience, which it seems to hold strangely concealed behind it, is represented as a consummation of personality. To enter into complete possession of the past by means of such circumstances is to possess oneself wholly; they are, as M. Proust says, the door that opens upon "the true life." Mr. Murry continues:

"What M. Proust undoubtedly does is to represent this process of association as dominant in the mental lives of all men who can be said to live at all. He regards the life of a man as a perpetual effort to penetrate an unknown—the mind of the woman he loves, the friend he admires, the society with which he is acquainted. This desire is, indeed, the very condition of love. But it is never satisfied. This recurrent theme of perpetual disillusion, of impotent encounter with the unknown, may be called the philosophical background of the book."



A LITERARY PORTENT

The novel may be said to take a new direction in "Swann's Way" and the fiction of Marcel Proust. He subordinates the story-interest and makes it his chief business to convey a state of mind.

JOHN DREW REVIEWS HIS LONG STAGE CAREER

IN John Drew's new autobiography, "My Years on the Stage" (Dutton), is quoted a reference by a Japanese admirer to the family of Ichikawa which for two hundred years has carried forward the best traditions of Japanese acting. This reference is bound to suggest a comparison with Mr. Drew's own family. He speaks of his grandmother, the English actress Eliza Kinloch. He tells us something of his father, John Drew, one of the best Irish comedians that the American stage has known, and pays tribute to his mother, who in her time managed the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia and acted in "The Rivals" with Joseph Jefferson. He describes his sister, Georgie Drew Barrymore, as an actress of fine talent, and reminds us that she so far impressed her character on her children, Ethel, Lionel and John, that all three have become dominating figures in the American theater. And he closes the record with mention of his daughter Louise, who, as he says, demonstrates the possession of "acting blood" in the fourth generation.

It is surely a unique record and one that inspires justifiable pride. Mr. Drew is not only a member of a great acting family, but is himself a great actor. When we add to the record he offers the story of his own achievement, we begin to realize something of what he has meant, and still means, in the cultural life of the past fifty years.

Mr. Drew may not have been as conspicuous as some of his contemporaries. He has lacked the dramatic fire of Booth, the appeal of Jefferson, the intensity of Mansfield. But from the day of his stage debut in 1873 until his production of Somerset Maugham's "Circle" last year he has shown an individuality which is deeply graven in the public mind. To say that he is America's most refined comedian is to tell only part of the story. We must

add, as the San Francisco *Argonaut* adds, that he has interpreted manners, social customs, all the myriad practices men and women have developed in getting on with one another and taking the rough edges off life.

The first appearance of Drew was in his mother's theater in a one-act farce entitled "Cool as a Cucumber," by W. Blanchard Jerrold. His mother took the part of a housemaid in the production and interpolated, for the benefit of the audience: "What a dreadful young man! I wonder what he will be like when he grows up." The next day, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* carried the comment: "If Mr. Drew had been a little more nervous, a little less sure of himself, we would have been better pleased, but he carried off the easily-won plaudits of a most friendly and sympathetic audience rather too jauntily."

In 1874 a new young woman was introduced to the Arch Street Theater Company. Mrs. Drew had somehow gotten the impression that her name was Ada C. Rehan, and, thinking that a middle initial was of no help to an actress, she had the name put in the bill as Ada Rehan, although actually the name was Ada Crehan. Ada made a hit, and so by this accident of Mrs. Drew's there was named for all time in the theater an actress who was to be the Katherine when John Drew was Petruchio in the wonderful production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at Daly's Theater in New York some years later.

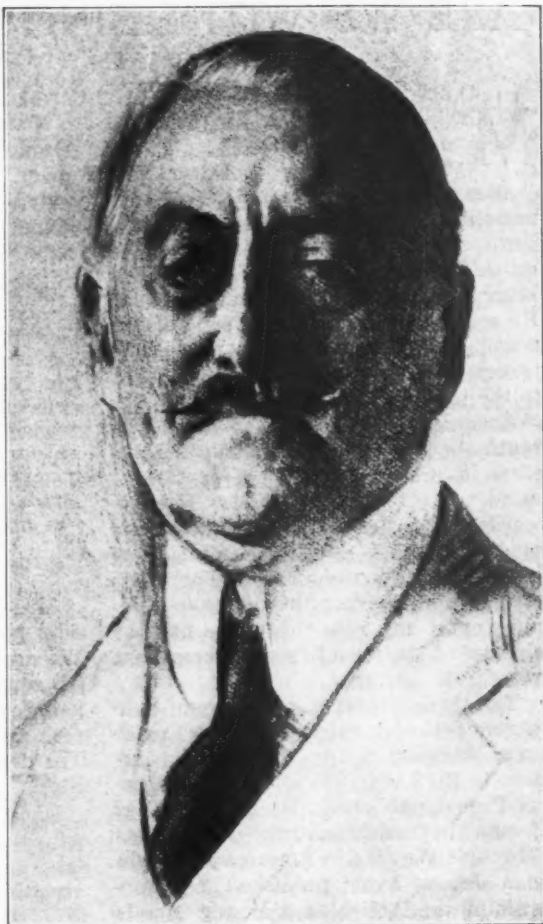
Mr. Drew first met Augustin Daly in 1875 and remained with him for seventeen years. These were the formative years of his career. He pictures Daly as a man of slight build who spent almost all of his time in the theater, who insisted on strict discipline and who was always willing to fight for the things he wanted. The Daly "stock company," with its corps of favorites

appearing and reappearing season after season, marked an epoch in the American theater. While it may be true, as Otis Skinner points out in the *New York Herald*, that Daly never could have given Drew his *savoir faire*, his *sang-froid* method of speech in certain delightful lines of his repertory, his ability to wear clothes perfectly and to be always the gentleman and to the manor born, he could, and he did, make their possessor aware of these qualities, bring them out, polish them.

Many of Daly's plays were adaptations from the German and the French. One is said to have been the first adaptation in which Molière was given credit on an American playbill. Mr. Daly was always looking for plays that he felt would display to full advantage the talents not only of John Drew and of Ada Rehan, but also of Fanny Davenport, Henrietta Crosman, Mrs. Gilbert and his other players. His society plays (of the type of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga") were very popular. So also were his Shakespearean revivals. The Daly Company had its triumphs in London, Paris and Berlin, as well as in American cities.

The partnership of Daly and Drew was broken in 1892.

Henceforth it was Charles Frohman who guided Drew's career. The whole complexion of the stage was changing. The stock company was giving place to the special company with featured "stars." Maude Adams enters the pictures at this point—her Dorothy in "Rosemary" was the last part she played as a leading woman with Drew before she became a star herself. We hear also of Billie Burke and of Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Drew tells us that Miss Barrymore, playing for the first time,



From a portrait by Joseph De Camp
in the collection of The Players

HE PLAYS THE GENTLEMAN WITH PERFECT SKILL
For two generations John Drew has held his primacy as a dramatic interpreter of manners and social customs.

in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks," a long and important rôle, was somewhat nervous and not quite audible when a friendly voice called from the gallery: "Speak up, Ethel. You're all right. The Drews is all good actors."

Mr. Drew's book carries a foreword by Booth Tarkington, who says that Drew "has been an actual feature of the best American life ever since his youth—indeed, he is one of its institutions; and there is a long gratitude due him."

ARE WE WITNESSING THE BREAK-UP OF THE NOVEL?

MOST people think of the novel as first and foremost a story.

There are some, however, who challenge this thought and whose view must be taken into account in any estimate of current letters. The distinguished English critic, J. Middleton Murry, sees a menace in their attitude. He speaks (in the *Yale Review*) of the possible "break-up" of the novel, and traces the subversive movement back to the time of Rousseau.

According to the idea of these dissentients, a novel is primarily subjective: it is the revelation of a state of mind. Or, to put it in Mr. Murry's words, "the aim of the characteristic modern novelist is the presentation of his immediate consciousness. This alone is true, he believes; this alone is valuable, or at any rate this alone has the chance of being of some permanent value."

The three supreme exemplars of subjective fiction during recent years made an unobtrusive and independent appearance in 1913 and 1914. In France Marcel Proust published "*Du Côté de Chez Swann*" (translated into English as "*Swann's Way*"); in America the Irishman James Joyce published "*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*"; in England Dorothy Richardson published "*Pointed Roofs*." These books, Mr. Murry remarks, had points of outward resemblance. "Each was in itself incomplete, a foretaste of sequels to come. Each was autobiographical and, within the necessary limits of individuality, autobiographical in the same new and peculiar fashion. They were attempts to record immediately the growth of consciousness. Immediately; without any effort at mediation by means of an interposed plot or story. All three authors were trying to present the content of their consciousness before it had been reshaped in obedience to the demands of practical life."

None of the three attempts was completely successful, and Joyce's subsequent "*Ulysses*" has puzzled everybody. "An extreme subjectivism," Mr. Murry points out, "tends to become incomprehensible." He writes further:

"A consciousness is a flux, it needs to be crystallized about some foreign object to have an intelligible shape. Marcel Proust's historical and philosophical preoccupations supply such a thread; but even he can be excessively tedious when his grasp on the external world is slackened. Miss Richardson can be as tiring as a twenty-four-hour cinematograph without interval or plot. And in '*Ulysses*' Joyce at times carries his effort of analysis to such lengths as to become as difficult as a message in code of which half the key has been lost."

Mr. Murry sees disintegration, but does not feel that he has to deplore it. We are obviously, he says, in a period of transition in which new elements are being gathered together for a more perfect artistic realization in the future. The argument closes:

"We should like to imagine that the exasperation of the modern sensibility will be crystallized out into a new Aristophanism, a new Rabelaisianism, so that an explosive condition might find its proper satisfaction in an explosive art. It would help to clear the ground for the necessary development of the calmer art of the novel, and to clear the minds of those who will have to address themselves to the problem of finding lucid symbols for the complexities they wish to convey. Undoubtedly, there is a means of satisfying the new standards of fidelity to experience without recourse to obscurity and hieroglyphics. The road may not be easy to find, but it must be found. Otherwise the novel will reach the ridiculous position in which all that is interesting is unintelligible and all that is intelligible is uninteresting. That moment, indeed, seems at times to be very near. But we believe the danger is not really serious. Art has a way of surviving the most inevitable disasters."

RAIN

A Melodramatic Happening in the South Seas

By JOHN COLTON and CLEMENCE RANDOLPH

THIS play, produced in New York by Sam. H. Harris and written by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, after a story by W. Somerset Maugham, has been greeted by the metropolitan critics with a shower of superlatives. The fact that a dominant character in it, a South Sea missionary, is tempted and betrayed by a siren incarnate whose soul he is zealous to save does not lessen its dramatic appeal. It may offend the orthodox, but we reprint it as an outstanding box-office success of the season. In other than the capable hands of Jeanne Eagels, Sadie Thompson, the loose character in question, might have been the undoing of the play. As it is, the performance of Miss Eagels is acclaimed a triumph in what the New York *Sun* pronounces "a high-powered entertainment" and the *Tribune* as "the likeliest drama of the season."

Almost alone in expressing disappointment over "Rain," the *Evening Post*, once edited by William Cullen Bryant, laments the miscarriage of the original double-motive of the authors: First, an arraignment of the methods employed by a certain class of overzealous missionaries for the conversion of the heathen—on the score of their illiberality, ineffectiveness, and even of their occasionally un-Christian character—and, second, the influence upon nerves and disposition of a tropical rainy season. "Of these, the first, manifestly, is a delicate and intensely provocative topic—although there is only too much reason to believe that there are good grounds for discussing it—and therefore it is one that requires knowledge, tact and vision in the handling. These qualities have not always been displayed by the authors in their opening scenes, which suffer in conse-

quence. Later on they practically demolish their case altogether."

To the *Evening Telegram* it is "an absorbing Freudian drama," and to the *Herald* it is "a withering play of a kind that would hardly have been written a mincing generation ago, when it would have been less safe to count on an understanding of the characters thus pitilessly exposed." To us it is simply a play of parts, as distinguished from a tract. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The Rev. Alfred Davidson (Robert Kelly) is depicted as a narrow-minded and decidedly Puritanical missionary who, with his admiring but evidently uncongenial helpmate (Catherine Brooke), with Dr. and Mrs. McPhail (Fritz Williams and Shirley King) and with Sadie Thompson, has landed at Pago Pago, a South Sea port, where they are marooned at a combination store and lodging house kept by Joe Horn (Rapley Holmes). Sadie is from the "red-light" district of Honolulu, having journeyed there from the Barbary coast of San Francisco. She is by way of making friends with some American marines, Private Griggs, Corporal Hodgeson and Sergeant O'Hara, through the medium of Quartermaster Bates of the S. S. *Orduna*, and she aims to combine good times with a bit of gold digging, or rather, silver digging. Conflict between the pious, masterful missionary, an implacable foe of "sin," and the easy-going Sadie is early foreshadowed.

In the first act it is morning and the travelers are debating their chances of securing accommodations at the hotel-store until they are able to resume their interrupted journey to the Antipodes. Present are Sadie Thompson, Quartermaster Bates, the marines and Mrs.

Horn, native wife of the trader-Boniface.

SADIE. So I'm to be parked here, am I, dearie?

BATES. Yes, make yourself right to home, Sadie. How do you do, Mrs. Horn; how's Joe?

MRS. HORN. 'Allo, Quartermaster. Joe, he fine.

BATES. How's all the kids? No new ones since my last trip?

MRS. HORN. (*Looking at Sadie.*) Mebbe you bring wife back this trip, eh?

BATES. Get that, Sadie; she thinks you're my wife.

SADIE. Why, do I look that weak of intellect? Should I marry the little husband of all the world?

BATES. (*Turns to Mrs. Horn.*) This is my friend, Miss Sadie Thompson. This is Mrs. Horn, Sadie— (*Turns towards the Marines.*) Sadie, meet the U. S. A.

SADIE. That's right, good boys. "Join the Navy and See the World." (*Turns towards O'Hara.*) Hello, Handsome—when did you leave Kansas? (*O'Hara appears embarrassed.*)

GRIGGS. Oh, man! The lady's got your number, Tim.

HODGESON. Ha! She got you that time, kid.

SADIE. (*Turns towards Griggs and Hodgeson.*) Say, you couldn't mistake it; you got a Corn-Belt-baby stare that screams. I mean it kindly; don't get sore.

HODGESON. He's very shy, Miss; don't mind him.

O'HARA. Shut up! You half-whittled pin—

GRIGGS. He is liable to bite, Miss. Better keep away.

O'HARA. Stow that blab, or I'll—

SADIE. Don't hurt 'em, Handsome. I came from Kansas once, myself—as fast as I could hoof it. How are you?

O'HARA. Fine—very pleased to meet a lady. (*Griggs and Hodgeson laugh.*)

SADIE. What's the matter with these two colts? They act as though they had too much oats—bad thing to jump 'em from milk too fast. Young things like that should be put to grass first. I'm a farmer's daughter, so I know.

BATES. Sadie, let me introduce you to two of the ladies who were on board the *Orduna*. (*Starts to lead Sadie towards Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. McPhail who are seated at the dining-table.*)

SADIE. (*Grasping Bates by the arm and jerking him back.*) Pull yourself together, little one—pull yourself together. (*Looking at Mrs. Davidson.*) No, now that I've got my bearings, I think I'll go back into the sunshine. Who is coming with me? You, buttercup?

BATES. Can't do it, Sadie. I've gotta buy some stores for the ship. Here, why don't one of you boys show Sadie the town?

GRIGGS. Say, lady, I'm a pretty swell little guide.

HODGESON. Don't believe him, Miss. I wrote the book he guides by.

SADIE. Yes, I bet you write a grand Spencerian hand. No—I'm taking Handsome. Tag along in back if you like, but don't get run over. We'll be back for lunch, little one. Don't forget that swell feed you promised me on shore—no shark steak, nor raw eels, but all the rest of the atmosphere. *Tout à l'heure*, little one—that's French for *Au Revoir*, if you understand the language.

She exits with the marines, and Bates tells Mesdames McPhail and Davidson as much about her as is convenient to his tongue. It begins to rain. Dr. McPhail and Horn are left alone. Horn confesses relief that McPhail is a doctor of *medicine*—not a missionary, and the other questions whether the trader-Boniface is prejudiced.

HORN. Prejudiced? Oh, no. Fine people, missionaries. Got plenty of good friends among 'em. Some traders are afraid of 'em, but I've always found 'em all right. My only objection to 'em is—they're kinda *shy on humor*.

MCPHAIL. Is that a necessary qualification for the job?

HORN. It helps in any job.

MCPHAIL. Persuading your neighbors to believe what you believe is a serious business, friend!

HORN. Certainly got to have a single-track mind for it.

MCPHAIL. Just so. There's no place for the light touch in reform.

HORN. Now, that's a word I can't listen to without spitting. It's my belief that these reform folks fighting public depravity are only fighting *their own hankering* for the very indulgences they suspect in others.

MCPHAIL. Just so! They chase you with a hatchet, because they like a drink too. Is that it?

HORN. Shouldn't wonder. I hear life's terrible back home in the States, now.

MCPHAIL. How so?

HORN. Everybody being made to behave.

MCPHAIL. Yes, we live in the day of the new commandment—"Thou shalt not commit enjoyment."

HORN. Say, I saw it coming twenty years ago. That's why I left Chicago; I wanted peace. I found it, too; nothing like it, brother. Friend, you behold here the last remnants of an earthly paradise. Look yonder—see where the mountains touch the clouds of heaven? Then tell me how it shall benefit the scheme of my quarrel with the missionaries.

MCPHAIL. Yes, I can see how the bleak civilization might be a little out of place—sort of like a school ma'am waking up in a harem, what?

HORN. Yeah; take these islanders, Doctor. They are naturally the happiest, most contented people on earth. They ask nothing of life, save to be allowed to sing and eat, dance and sleep. Thinking gives 'em a headache; the trees and the sea give 'em all the food they want—so they don't have to fight. They are satisfied with their Gods of wind and ways. Then along comes someone in broadcloth and spectacles and tells 'em they're lost souls and have to be saved whether they want to be or not.

MCPHAIL. Thoughtless of man not to develop a soul without losing the Garden of Eden.

HORN. You're a real philosopher, Dr. McPhail.

MCPHAIL. Call me, rather, an observer of life.

Sadie returns with her escort and is assigned a room to which she withdraws and to which she directs her few chattels, including a phonograph, to be sent. It begins to play and the sound of its jazz records, it being Sunday, provokes discussion among the other guests. McPhail is inclined to crave indulgence for Sadie.

MR. DAVIDSON. I have no patience with the Darwinian theory, Doctor. In my opinion it should be prohibited by law—

(A loud laugh from Sadie in the adjoining room.) This girl, you say, was on the *Orduna*?

MRS. DAVIDSON. Yes, Dr. McPhail has met her. He can tell you about her.

MCPHAIL. She isn't anybody of any importance. I am interested, Davidson, in your theory of disease.

MR. DAVIDSON. I believe any disease tendency can be brought under control just as any weakness of the moral structure can. (An uproar from Sadie's room.) Music of this sort is demoralizing, isn't it?

MCPHAIL. (Ignoring the noise from Sadie's room.) Your theory would be easy, Mr. Davidson, if any of us were—ever could be—certain of ourselves.

MR. DAVIDSON. I disagree with you. Why can't we be certain of ourselves?

MCPHAIL. Because in each and every one of us are hidden blights, erratic formation, undiscovered infirmities. None of us can ever be sure of ourselves until the moment of ultimate pressure—

A blast from a whistle announces the impending departure of the *Orduna*. Quartermaster Bates emerges from Sadie's room and unsteadily departs for his ship. The others are discussing Sadie when the first act concludes.

Act second is in the afternoon two days later in the same room. Horn and Dr. McPhail are reminiscing about Sadie Thompson and Davidson.

HORN. She's wondering what he's up to. You notice when the boys came around last night to see her, she took them out to the porch pretty quick and talked to them there.

MCPHAIL. (Thoughtfully.) Yes, I noticed that; and it wasn't the most cheerful sort of an evening, either. What with the rain and everything, we'd all been happier, I think, if she'd been in her room with her friends.

HORN. She felt it, too. She knows if she gets put out of here there's no place for her to go.

MCPHAIL. Why?

HORN. Nobody'll take her in—if they know the missionaries have their knives out for her. (As though giving a telling shot.) He's been to the Governor, too, to have her sent back to the States.

MCPHAIL. What did the Governor say?

HORN. (Dubiously.) I dunno; she's got wind of that, too.

MCPHAIL. (*Strolling toward the veranda.*) You know, I felt rather sorry for her last night, after her marine friends left. She went into her room without looking at any of us. Just as we were ready for bed, she started her phonograph. Somehow it sounded dismal—like a cry for help.

(*Suddenly Sadie's phonograph starts rasping. Both men start, then look at Sadie's room and at each other. The rain increases to a downpour.*)

HORN. There it goes again—

MCPHAIL. Hard business, trying to cheat one's loneliness.

HORN. Take it from me, she's scared as well as lonely! She don't know what Davidson's doing. It's got her anxious—but he won't know it, though. She's got nerve.

Sadie enters, carrying a cheap purse which dangles from her wrist.

SADIE. Evening, everybody! My, the merry weather sure does carry on—don't it? (*Gazes at rain for an instant, then turns toward Horn.*) Anybody in the store, Mr. Horn?

HORN. (*Lazily.*) My wife's in there, I guess.

SADIE. (*Advances towards center of the room.*) Been playing solitaire all afternoon, trying to decide what I'd have for supper, tunny fish or beans—and beans won! Then I played beans against tamales, just for something to do, and tamales got the way. Got any canned tamales, Mr. Horn?

HORN. I guess so. If my wife isn't in there, poke around until you find them.

SADIE. (*Evidently lonesome and trying to find an excuse for continuing the conversation.*) I'm in no great hurry; there's lots of time. God! There's so much time lying loose around here someone ought to bottle it up and send it where they need it. You don't mind, do you, seeing we're alone, if I sit down with you boys and have a little chat about Greenland's icy mountains?

A lengthy dialogue ensues, during which Sadie airs her views on things in general and Davidson in particular. Horn warns her to be careful. At the approach of Mesdames Davidson and McPhail, followed by the missionary, Sadie departs. Dr. McPhail asks Mr.

Davidson how he managed to stand-ardize certain sins during his long mission in the South Seas. Davidson goes into particulars. They are interrupted by the phonograph in the next room, and Sadie is summoned by Davidson, who takes her out on the veranda.

DAVIDSON. Sadie Thompson, I have brought you out here to offer you a gift. SADIE. You want to give me something?

DAVIDSON. Yes.

SADIE. Well, I'm glad to that—I'm pretty short of cash.

DAVIDSON. The gift I am offering you is the infinitive mercy of our Lord.

SADIE. What's the idea?

DAVIDSON. Your problems can be solved in only one way and that way is going to affect the whole future course in your life.

SADIE. (*Has advanced a few steps into the room.*) I don't know as I've got any problems.

DAVIDSON. The time has come for you to make your choice.

SADIE. I can't see why I get all this attention from you.

DAVIDSON. Those who have the key of salvation offered them and fail to open the door must be destroyed.

SADIE. Oh, I see what you mean, but don't you worry about me. I won't get destroyed. (*Turns and starts for her room.*) I guess I'll go back to my supper; I'm hungry.

DAVIDSON. You are hungry, but not for mortal food. You are hungry for the bread of the spirit.

SADIE. (*Pauses, turns, crosses to Davidson and speaks in a conciliatory manner.*) You know, Reverend Davidson, you mean right by me, and I mean to be grateful. Just between ourselves, I thought you were out to "get" me on account of that little trouble we had the other evening. And I have been wanting to apologize.

She proceeds to do so at length, and admits that she wants to "keep friends with everybody." There is a deal of moralizing, and toward the end of the second act, when Davidson expresses a determination to send Sadie Thompson back to San Francisco, she intimates that the steamers would be watched for her and that she would be persecuted by a political enemy.

DAVIDSON. Come, Miss Thompson, these evasions are getting you nowhere. Why are you afraid to return to San Francisco?

SADIE. I've told you—I keep telling you—

DAVIDSON. Yes; and now I will tell you why you are afraid to go back to San Francisco. You have told me lies; now I shall tell you the truth. This politician you fear is a politician with a uniform and he wears a badge. What you are afraid of is the penitentiary.

SADIE. Oh!

DAVIDSON. Is that it—the penitentiary?

SADIE. I was framed, but I got away before they caught me. They'll nab me the moment I step off the ship. Give me a chance—one chance.

DAVIDSON. I'm going to give you the finest chance you've ever had.

SADIE. You mean—I don't have to go back?

DAVIDSON. You said you wanted to go straight. If that is true you must repent, you must atone to God. When you want me, Sadie Thompson, call for me. I will stand ready. I will help you. (*Davidson turns and walks to the veranda. Sadie watches him go and then suddenly calls his name. Davidson returns to room and stands facing Sadie.*)

SADIE. Rev. Davidson, you're right. I am a bad woman. But I want to be good, and I don't know how. So you let me stay here with you and show me what to do; and no matter what it is, I'm going to do it.

DAVIDSON. No, you can't stay here. You've got to go back to San Francisco. You've got to serve your time.

SADIE. You mean to say if I repent and want to be good, I still have to go to the penitentiary?

DAVIDSON. Yes, you've got to go.

SADIE. But if you send me back there, that would be my finish.

DAVIDSON. No, it will be your beginning.

Presently, exasperated beyond her endurance, she turns on him with maledictions as the curtain falls.

The time of the third act is at night, four days later, in the hotel room. It is raining hard. Sadie Thompson has suffered something more than a sea-change when she appears in the room and is greeted by Sergeant O'Hara with

news that he has arranged for her to sail for Australia (instead of San Francisco), the next day. She demurs—and mentions Davidson. O'Hara demands to know if she is afraid of the missionary.

SADIE. No—no—that isn't it at all! It would be awful hard for me to make you understand what's come over me. I can't understand it myself. Remember that day, Handsome, it seems one hundred years ago—that day the Governor's letter came? I lost my nerve and ran around like a chicken with its head off. By 'n by I got a little calmer and I could think, and I thought I'm just rattled. I thought I'll try and fool him, so I told Reverend Davidson a lie as to why I didn't want to go back to Frisco; but he saw right through me—he looked right into me. He knew, he knew. I felt a big net was catching me, and nothing was any use. I tried again. I called him back and told him I was a bad woman, and I wanted to repent. That was a lie. I don't think I was bad, so there wasn't anything to repent about. I had almost figured out things for myself. I thought some folks have luck, some haven't; all folks can't be alike, anyway; who knows what's good or bad? Nobody. So I just let things go at that—and did not think too much—anyway. I told him I'd repent. He said if that was true I'd have to go back to be punished. I lost my head again and I talked to him something terrible. He didn't seem to mind. He followed me into my room and asked me if I would kneel down and pray. I was so desperate I said yes.

She proceeds to confess that she would have to serve a three-year penitentiary sentence if she were sent back to San Francisco. O'Hara is dumbfounded. Sadie continues her confession, intermittently defending and calling for Davidson, who eventually enters the room. O'Hara departs.

SADIE. (*In a somewhat bewildered manner.*) When you're around—everything seems clear—everything seems all right. That old life I led, that doesn't seem to belong to me, that was someone else. When I feel like that, Reverend Davidson, does it mean I'm redeemed?

DAVIDSON. (*Very tenderly.*) Yes, Sadie; in the last few days you have become very close and dear to God. He has tested you and found you true. To-night he sent the devil to tempt you. Once your soul lay like a stagnant pool in the deepest pit of the deepest valley. To-night it is cleansed—glorified.

SADIE. (*Starts toward her door and pauses wearily.*) If I'm afraid and can't sleep, will you pray with me?

DAVIDSON. Yes—when I hear you call—I will come.

SADIE. I'm pretty tired.

She passes into her room and closes the door. Davidson is joined by his wife and the McPhails. At the close of a general conversation, Davidson goes out on the veranda, bidding his wife not to wait up for him.

MRS. DAVIDSON. (*To the McPhails.*) He prayed with Miss Thompson, last night, until she went to sleep. It was nearly three o'clock when he came upstairs. Then he threw himself down in the bed exhausted; but he only slept in snatches. He has strange dreams that puzzle him. He'll have a breakdown, if he doesn't take care.

MCPHAIL. Heaven knows, I pity Miss Thompson; but all we non-Biblical people seem to be utterly helpless in the matter.

MRS. DAVIDSON. I never saw Mr. Davidson wrought up before. Last night he kept crying out in his sleep.

MCPHAIL. Is that so?

MRS. DAVIDSON. This morning he told me he had been dreaming about the Mountains of Nebraska.

MCPHAIL. The Mountains of Nebraska? That's odd!

MRS. DAVIDSON. I don't believe anyone but myself realizes what an enormous amount of emotional force my husband puts into his work.

MCPHAIL. Work seems to be the only outlet for his tremendous energy. He should look out.

MRS. DAVIDSON. The Lord's work is Mr. Davidson's life! On our wedding night Mr. Davidson explained to me his ideals of our marriage. He believed it should be a union free from earthly indulgence, devoted entirely to the salvation of others.

MCPHAIL. A noble doctrine, Mrs. Davidson, but to a medical man like myself

every-day experience proves that flesh and blood are not things apart from the spirit. Frankly, natural emotions can never be denied, only disguised.

In a concluding episode, toward dawn, Sadie Thompson, carrying a lamp, gropes her way into the room whispering sibilantly for the Reverend Davidson. He comes in out of the night and rain. He is hatless and his clothes are dripping. Sadie questions him about her future.

DAVIDSON. (*As though under terrific mental strain.*) Out there in the rain I've walked and wondered, too. The darkness was full of eyes. I saw things I never saw before. I looked into the awful groves of Asteroth, where Solomon went to find the secrets of joy and terror. I saw Asteroth herself. I saw Judas. Sadie, you don't have to go back to San Francisco.

SADIE. (*Looking searchingly into his face.*) I don't have to go back—what do you mean?

DAVIDSON. (*He has a peculiar hoarseness in his voice.*) Just that—you don't have to go back. (*Leaning toward her, his voice full of emotion.*) You are redeemed!

SADIE. What other sacrifice could I offer? That is all I have got to give. I only hope I will be able to go through with it right.

DAVIDSON. From now on you will be strong—no more fear—(*He speaks now as though in ecstasy.*)—beautiful, radiant. You will be one of the daughters of the King. (*He is bending over her and speaks in a reverent whisper.*) That's what you are now, Sadie, one of the daughters of the King—radiant—beautiful.

SADIE. Am I? (*She takes the lamp from the chairarm and rises. She slowly walks toward her door and then pauses and turns back to face Davidson.*) Pray with me, Rev. Davidson. When you pray, everything seems all right.

In the end it becomes apparent that Davidson has been unable to withstand the seductive temptation of the woman, and when the guests foregather in the hotel storeroom in the morning news is brought that the body of Alfred Davidson had been found on the beach—a suicide.

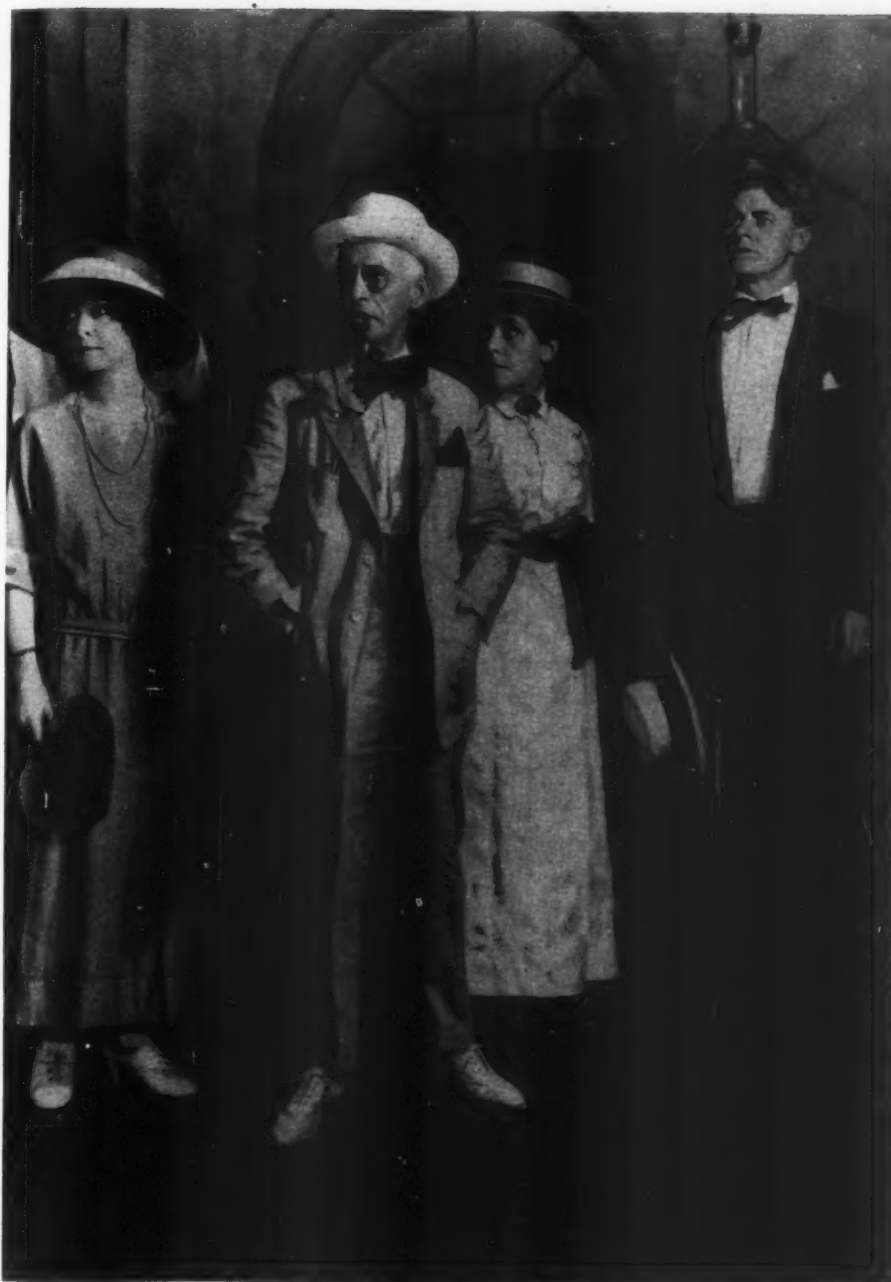


O'HARA (ROBERT ELLIOTT) IS A FRIEND IN NEED AND DEED TO SADIE THOMPSON
(JEANNE EAGELS)

The warm-hearted sergeant of Marines would go to extremes to save the erring woman.



JEANNE EAGELS, AS SADIE THOMPSON, IN "RAIN," SCANDALIZES THE DAVIDSONS WITH HER SATANIC PHONOGRAPH
Even though the Rev. Alfred Davidson disapproves of her, she has an indulgent audience headed by Sergeant O'Hara (Robert Elliott) and Joe Horn (Rapley Holmes).



WHAT WILL THAT WOMAN, SADIE THOMPSON (JEANNE EAGELS), DO NEXT?
Thus, in "Rain" asks Dr. and Mrs. McPhall (Fritz Williams and Shirley King) and the Rev. and
Mrs. Davidson (Robert Kelly and Catherine Brooke).



© Brugliere

HIS ACTING OF "HAMLET" IS PRONOUNCED "GREAT"

John Barrymore achieves the triumph of his stage career with a fresh and compelling interpretation of the Melancholy Dane.



Herald-Sun Syndicate

"IN HAPPY MEMORY OF CHARLES FROHMAN"

This memorial, nine feet high, the work of L. S. Merrifield, was unveiled a few months ago in Marlow, England, in memory of the theatrical manager who lost his life on the *Lusitania*.



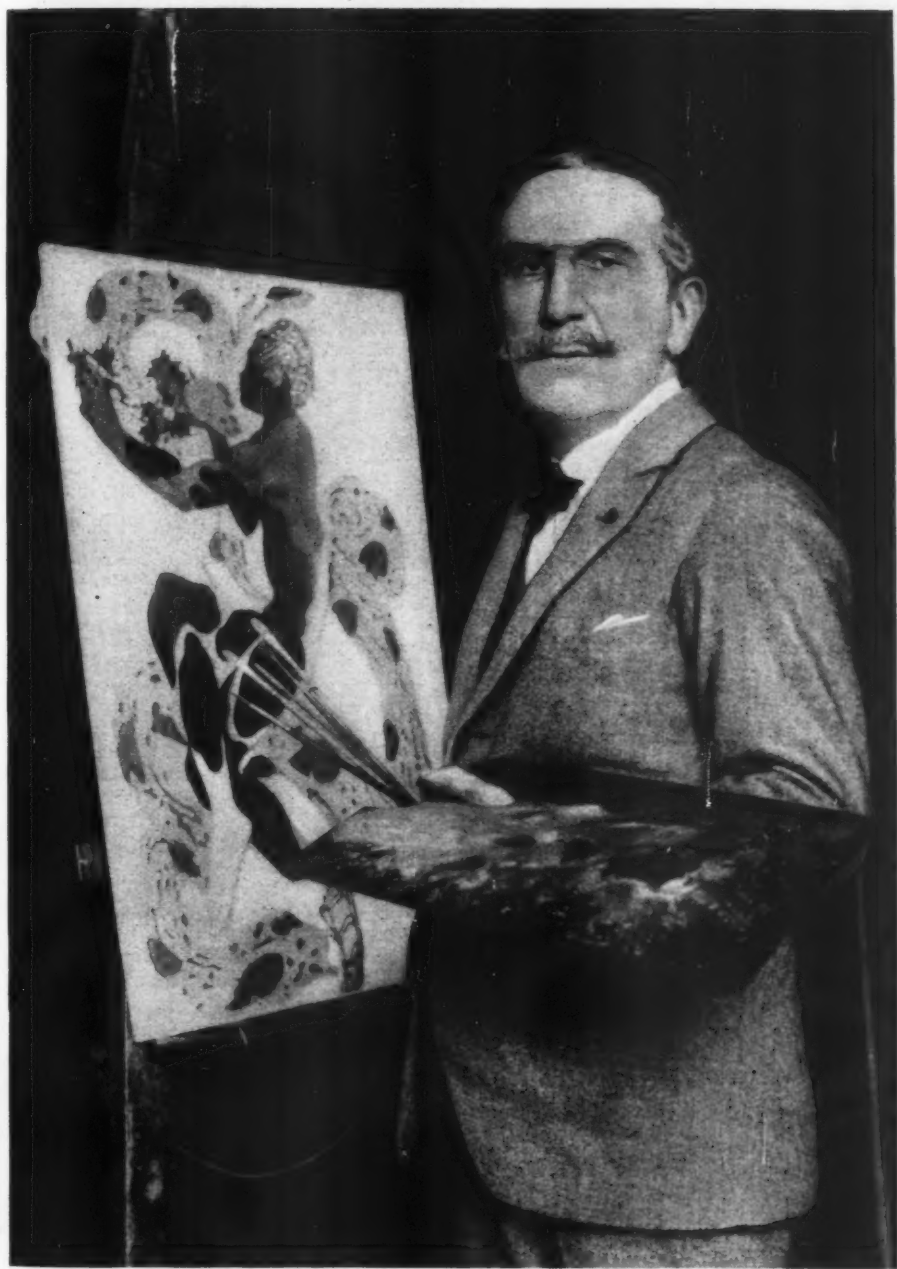
Courtesy of Knoedler

A STUDY IN BLUE

Bakst's portrait of Mrs. John W. Garrett is as simple in its coloring as some of his earlier designs were complex.

A STUDY IN BLACK

Another portrait that represents Bakst in his simpler mood. The exotic figure of Ida Rubinstein, dancer and actress, is presented soberly.



© Fotograms

A RUSSIAN MASTER OF COLOR NOW EXHIBITING HERE

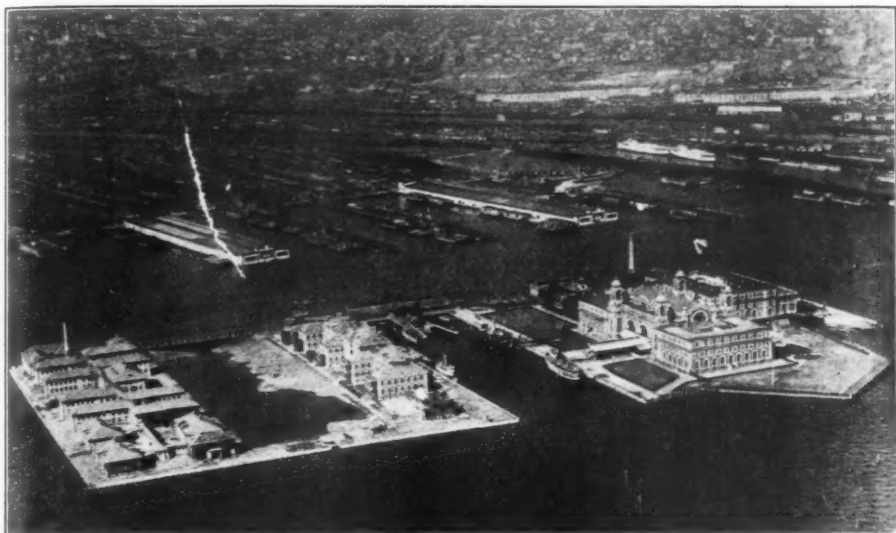
Léon Bakst, the famous scenic artist and portrait painter, has lately come to America for the first time. His new exhibition shows costumes which made a sensation in Paris and led to a new mode, *à la Russe*, in theater and salon



© Underwood & Underwood

SARAH BERNHARDT, AT DEATH'S DOOR, MAKES HER MARK AS A SCULPTOR

This powerful and rugged statue in bronze was executed by the "many-minded actress" and exhibited in Paris shortly before she fell desperately ill.



© Major Hamilton Maxwell.

A REMARKABLE AIR VIEW OF ELLIS ISLAND

In the buildings at the right immigrants are examined and their applications for citizenship are accepted or rejected. At the left are the hospital, executive offices and storage quarters. Jersey City is in the background.

SAFEGUARDING THE GATES TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

COMPLETE Americanization of the seven odd million aliens who are now in this country, and the selection of immigrants hereafter seeking admission to the United States before they leave their native lands to determine whether they will develop into desirable citizens, are two objectives upon which President Harding and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis are agreed, as requiring immediate action by Congress.

In his recent message the President points out the advisability of checking the influx of undesirables and advocates the establishment of examination boards abroad, to insure desirables only. By so doing, he emphasizes, "we could end the pathos at our ports of entry, when men and women find our doors closed, after long voyages as wasted savings, because they are unfit for admission. It would be kindlier and safer to tell

them before they embark." The culpability of some steamship lines is said to have intensified the immigration problem. Instead of the present \$200 penalty imposed upon a carrier for bringing over an immigrant after the quota of his country is filled, a \$1,000 fine is recommended.

Secretary Davis, in a broader statement, denounces the present passport system as inadequate and urges that "those qualified to enter should be selected on the other side and given our certificate of qualification." To accomplish this purpose, in his opinion, legislation should be enacted providing for the examination abroad of prospective emigrants by giving the following tests:

"1. Blood—To determine the general condition of health, latent diseases, etc.

"2. Physical—A physical inventory of the strength and condition, brawn and

muscle, affecting ability to earn a living.

"3. Mental—That our public institutions may not be filled with men, women and children to whom we owe no national duty, while our own are not properly cared for; but further still, that our good American blood shall not become polluted with imbecility, insanity and idiocy. We must keep the American race sturdy in mind as well as in body.

"4. Character—This is not least, for no matter what examinations might be given at our ports of entry we could not be assured that the immigrant was not a criminal, a teacher or believer in anarchy, or an immoral person. By having our own representative verify the standing of a prospective emigrant in his home community, we can very nearly determine the kind of citizen we may be able to make of him; and if he should not measure up after he gets here, then he should be sent back to the country from which he came."

The present immigration statutes bar aliens over sixteen years old who are unable to read in some language or dialect. This test of literacy, and the provisions which exclude the mentally defective and the insane are the only provisions which prescribe mental standards for these future citizens. A certain physical standard is also required by the existing laws, but all these tests are made at the ports of entry after the immigrant has broken up his home abroad and sacrificed much to accomplish the journey. Under many circumstances it is hard to enforce the law and send them back when they fail to qualify. This difficulty is made greater by the intercession of relatives and attorneys on this side pleading for their admittance.

In addition to the importance of giving America the right to choose her future residents from among those applying, the Secretary of Labor believes that such legislation "will prevent the breaking up of homes and families, all or part of which might be found inadmissible upon arrival; and, second, it would give us a record of the individual made up at his own home, upon which

our program of Americanization and education could be intelligently based. Better immigrants should be the watchword, for it means better citizens and better institutions."

Setting forth the problem of the alien already admitted to the United States, Secretary Davis declares that a systematic and automatic means of bringing the alien into contact with the government in a friendly spirit of co-operation should be devised. Every alien should be required to enroll for the training which the government should undertake to give. But Secretary Davis strongly opposes any enrollment that savors of espionage.

Opponents of the suggestion seem to be of the opinion that such a provision of law would amount to that, but the theory has never been advanced that enrollment for the purpose of exercising the privilege of franchise was a means of police identification. Nor has it ever been denied that a registration of all children up to fourteen or fifteen years to insure a complete common school education was anything other than desirable. If we require of native-born American children a knowledge of American history, civil government, civics and so on before they may become of voting age, why should we not require as much of those who enter the country of their own volition to participate in the advantages of an organized stable republic?

It is not disputed that the matter of education is distinctly a function of the individual states. Citizenship, however, as this Federal spokesman reminds us, is a matter of Federal concern, and the Constitution gives to Congress the right to determine under what conditions a foreigner may become naturalized. The Federal government, therefore, is the logical agency through which preparation for citizenship should be supervised, in his opinion, and the bureau of naturalization should be authorized to provide the facilities by which candidates may be able to meet high standards fixed to

elevate the dignity of citizenship. A citizenry united in language, understanding and spirit and ambition is necessary to the high ideals to which America was dedicated by the forefathers. It is maintained that this can only be accomplished under competent Federal direction.

There are certain standards required of those applying for naturalization. Secretary Davis is not inclined to say that these standards are too low, though in consideration of the great privilege we confer when granting citizenship they are asserted to be none too high. If the present standards were strictly

required, our difficulties, so far as they arise from foreign-born citizens, would be pretty well eliminated. The problem of eradicating the false doctrines of radicalism in America would be no nearer solution if we made citizens of every alien forthwith; the solution, we are assured, lies in enlightening the foreign-born, alien and citizen, in the privileges and duties, rights and responsibilities which attach to citizenship and the nature and methods of a republican government, with emphasis laid upon the natural changes which may be brought about through evolution by means of the ballot.

THE LIFE-STORY OF ÉMILE COUÉ—FROM DRUG CLERK TO DRUGLESS HEALER

THE career of Emile Coué, son of a railroad worker, one-time drug clerk and lately risen to fame as a specialist in drugless healing, is an inspiring story of obstacles overcome and eminence achieved through hard work. For Emile Coué, the former pharmacist and now autosuggestion expert of Nancy, France, is a self-made man in our full American sense.

He was born on February 26, 1857, in Troyes. His family removed thence two months later. Their new home town, Nogent-sur-Seine, a little place of 400 inhabitants, boasted a small "college," where Emile studied until he was fifteen. Emile's father, the last of twelve children, in spite of his lowly station as a railroad worker, had ambitions for his son, and contrived to pay for Latin lessons in addition to his regular schooling. Latin was later of great usefulness to him in the compounding of prescriptions, and the boy's knowledge of it may have led to his ultimately becoming a druggist.

When Emile was fifteen his aunt in Troyes took him in as a boarder on easy terms and put him in a lycée there. Eighteen months later he had achieved his degree of Bachelier ès Arts, after

covering a course of study which usually occupied three years.

Then Emile turned to chemistry, and a year later, in Montmedy, secured a degree of Bachelier ès Sciences. He was eighteen then, and had to postpone further work to do his stint of military service which the degree of B.S. reduced from two years to one. At nineteen, when he finished his military service, his father had found him a place in a pharmacy where he could go to work.

Three years of indentured service was the prospect which faced him. His only pay was board and lodging. At the time that he went to work for M. Delauney, of Troyes, the latter had four employees. These left, or died, or went into business for themselves, and presently Emile was doing the work of all four, and fully earning the stipend of 25 francs per month which his employer decided to give him.

Coué was hopeful at this time of becoming eventually a teacher of chemistry and pharmacy in some university. After his three years of apprenticeship were over he went to the University of Paris to take his degree in pharmacy, and helped to pay his way by winning a

competition for a government fellowship, good for 1,200 francs a year.

Presently he became a pharmaceutical interne in the Necker Hospital, which paid him an additional 500 francs a year and supplied his board and lodging.

Before his course at the university was completed, a druggist of Troyes, M. Chominot, who had remarked his devotion to duty when Emile was an apprentice in his competitor's pharmacy, offered to take him into partnership, and to leave him his drugstore in his will. Before the offer could be taken up, M. Chominot, who was a very old man, had died, but his widow was persuaded to carry out the terms of this unusual verbal compact, with minor alterations.

Thus Emile stepped out of college directly into the store and remained there for fourteen years. In 1884, however, he won as his bride the daughter of a wealthy horticulturist, M. LeMoine, celebrated as the originator of the modern gladiolus. The bride's dowry greatly improved the family fortune, and the Coué establishment, as Boyd Fisher says, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, "became an imposing affair, with an up-to-date pharmacy on one side, a good chemical laboratory on the other, and in the center an attractive garden, and at the rear a residence as fine as any in Troyes."

Coué continued to prosper and to save money, and in 1896 was able to retire. Yet he came out of retirement at the end of four years, and again ran his drugstore for ten years. Meantime he became first a hypnotist, and then an autosuggestionist—a successful druggist specializing in drugless healing.

In his drugstore he had become familiar with every variety of human ill, and had formed the habit of prescribing for them. He has always believed, and still does, that drugs are frequently required in themselves, and even when valueless often are extremely useful in inducing a cheerful frame of mind by

autosuggestion when the patient believes in their efficacy.

He is reputed to have effected many marvelous cures since he established his clinic in his home at Nancy, but he takes no credit for these, pointing out that "it is the method, not the man," and that "the patient cures himself" by getting control of his subconscious mind and putting it to work.

The following summary of his "method" is taken from an authorized translation prepared by him for the *New York World*:

Every morning before getting up and every evening as soon as you are in bed, shut your eyes and repeat twenty times in succession, moving your lips (this is indispensable) and counting mechanically on a long string with twenty knots the following phrase:

"Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

Do not think of anything particular, as the words, "in every way," apply to everything.

Make this autosuggestion with confidence, with faith, with the certainty of obtaining what you want. The greater the conviction, the greater and the more rapid will be the results obtained.

Further, every time in the course of the day or night that you feel any distress, physical or mental, immediately affirm to yourself that you will not consciously contribute to it, and that you are going to make it disappear.

Then isolate yourself as much as possible, shut your eyes and passing your hand over your forehead, if it is something mental, or over the part which is painful, if it is something physical, repeat extremely quickly, moving your lips, the words:

"It is going, it is going," etc., etc., as long as it may be necessary.

With a little practice the physical or mental distress will have vanished in twenty to twenty-five seconds.

Begin again whenever it is necessary.

Avoid carefully any effort in practising autosuggestion.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is very simple and can be expressed in a few words: We possess within us a force of incalculable power, which, when we handle it unconsciously, is often preju-

dicial to us. If, on the contrary, we direct it in a conscious and wise manner, it gives us the mastery of ourselves and allows us not only to escape and to aid others to escape from physical and mental ills, but also to live in relative happiness, whatever the conditions in which we may find ourselves.

Lastly, and above all, it should be applied to the moral regeneration of those who have wandered from the right path.

This, in brief, is the message which he has come to deliver in the United States. His lecture tour, which will take him to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland and other cities, including Chicago, is not expected to keep him here longer than a few weeks, but will doubtless result in swelling enormously the number of his converts and his "cures."

THE FASCISTI AT WORK

THE cold wave which has swept over Italy has had no effect upon the fire of Italian patriotism lighted by the Fascisti.

The Appenines are completely covered with snow, and wolves, driven desperate by lack of food, are said to have descended into the plains, almost to the gates of the capital—but Fascism goes marching on from province to province, a vast conflagration which is burning out every disaffected element in the Italian population and purifying the entire peninsula.

When the history of this period comes to be written, it will probably be set down as one of the most extraordinary phenomena ever recorded, that a country which a few months ago was riddled with Communism, and seemed breeding a revolution, should suddenly flame forth one immense torch of patriotism.

The Fascisti originated when two million union workers tried to paralyze Italy with a general strike. The frightened government sided with them. The Fascisti then distributed posters all over Italy: "Strikers! The government forgives you. We don't!" They went on the warpath, and in a few days Italy was restored to normalcy.

Then they set about campaigning against the Socialist and other influences of a radical nature in the municipal councils. The resignation of most of the municipal councils was forced during the violent upheaval which eventually seated Benito Mussolini in the Premier's chair. With the advent to

power of the Fascisti, it was decided to hold elections for new municipal councils.

The first Fascist municipal council was elected at Sarzana, near Pisa, where the Fascisti were practically unopposed, though that city had been for years a stronghold of republicans and had returned republican municipal councillors. An uninterrupted series of victories followed in the provinces of Ferrara, Modena, Forli, Venetia and Umbria, in many cases the Fascisti capturing every seat on the municipal councils.

Evidences of an awakened national spirit poured in from all directions. Newspapers started subscription lists for money to hand over to the State to help restore Italy's finances, and contributions flowed in from every element in the populace, blind soldiers, children, women who offered their jewelry, as well as large donations from the rich and the war profiteers. Government clerks, railway employees and government workmen offered an extra hour's work a day "for the good of the State."

Everywhere the Piacenza oath has been taken:

"By the blood of our two thousand martyrs whom we invoke as witnesses and judges of our actions, we, the black-shirts of Piacenza Province, swear that for one year,

"First, we will not wear on our persons or keep in our houses anything made of gold, silver, or precious metals or stones;

"Second, we claim for ourselves the



© Wide World Photos.

FIRST FASCISTI AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES
Signor Glasio Gaetani, Prince of Sermoneta, is one of many
members of the old Italian nobility who rank high in the
Mussolini government.

privilege of working ardently without
pay for the good of our country;

"Third, we renounce all worldly amuse-
ments which are not expressions of civic
joy in our nation's progress;

"Fourth, we will give all superfluous
ornaments to a fund for supporting en-
terprises having goodness, civilization,
beauty, and improvement as their ob-
ject."

Not content with reestablishing law
and order in the Italian peninsula, the
Fascisti have set about maintaining it
and eradicating vice and crime.

Early in December the
Fascisti of Alessandri called
a congress of criminals to
meet in a hall recently
wrested from the Socialists.
Each of the two hundred men
who had been summoned re-
ceived a very polite note, be-
ginning, "Honorable Sir," and
assuring him that no danger
would attach to attending the
meeting, as it had been ar-
ranged for the police to stay
away. The two hundred
thieves and cutthroats as-
sembled promptly, believing
that the Fascisti, with their
passion for organization, con-
templated a thieves' union.

The secretary of the local
Fascio, Raimondo Sala, a be-
medalled young war veteran,
addressed them as follows:

"There is too much thiev-
ing in Alessandri. The
Fascisti have decided to
stop it, and when we make
up our minds we do not
stop at anything. We warn
you boys that anybody
caught stealing will be pun-
ished, not in prison, but
with clubs. We want to
help you straighten up, and
are willing to find anybody
work who needs work. Be-
ginning to-night the streets
will be patrolled by Fas-
cisti special police, who will

beat transgressors enthusiastically!"

Several reformed thieves, declaring
their adherence to the new program,
were appointed special police upon the
spot, and rushing from the hall promp-
tly found two out-of-town thieves whom
they clubbed into insensibility and took
to the hospital.

Many applied for jobs which the
Fascio arranged for hastily. One man,
just out of prison, was given tickets for
bed and food and taken to the Fascio
to be provided with clothes. Several

said they had found jobs and had already stopped their regular profession. All of them from ragged push-cart thieves to young gentlemen with embroidered socks, experts at robbing rich Americans, promised to reform.

Premier Mussolini, when informed of the work of the Congress, telegraphed his congratulations: "I read in the papers an account of the extraordinary congress of men with prison records. I fully approve this new method. By combining forces in all directions our Italy will emerge vital and perfect as ever."

Meanwhile in Turin ten men were slain in a battle over the Communist headquarters, the Chamber of Labor was set on fire, Communist newspaper offices were burned down, and small bands of Fascisti conducted a systematic search throughout the city for all who were known to sympathize with the radicals. Many were caught and either clubbed or forced to drink a pint of

castor oil each, depending on the gravity of the offence.

Up and down Italy castor oil seems to have been adopted as the proper punishment for drunkards. The first offence leads to a pint of the obnoxious drink, and the second to a clubbing and a brief or prolonged stay in the hospital.

These rough-and-ready methods of dealing out justice result in many individual hardships and injustices, of course, and already the Italian government is taking steps to control and make responsible the too enthusiastic vigilantes. They are to constitute a militia, unpaid, and under regular officers, who will call them out whenever the emergency justifies. But in the main the power of the Fascisti has been exerted for good, and out of their blazing nationalism a new and regenerated Italy will almost certainly emerge, under or without the continued leadership of Mussolini.

IS ENGLAND GIVING UP INDIA?

A YEAR ago, India, that great country, with a population three times our own, was symbolized by one man, Gandhi—the Christ, as he was called, of Asia—a saint, a mystic, an ascetic and a political agitator. When the British put Gandhi in prison, something like a thrill went round the world and everyone wondered what explosion would follow such an act of impiety. And then came a profound silence. Not a shot was fired; hardly a protest was heard; and it is time to ask the question whether such strange tranquillity after the storm means peace. Is India content? Or are her liberties crushed and her hopes of independence shattered? Behind this impenetrable veil, what is happening?

Gandhi failed—that at least is clear. He failed because his program was impossible and his miracles an illusion. He made the mistake of attacking, not only the evils of western civilization, but its benefits. He would have closed

the hospitals, merely because hospitals are not Indian in origin. And he burned bales of cloth, merely because the cotton was grown in Alabama and woven in Lancashire. Thoughtful Indians knew that it was too late in the day again to tear the East from the West. They were glad rather than sorry to see Gandhi and his fanaticism removed from the scene.

But this does not mean that India is standing still. With a speed which will astound the historian, the educated classes are assuming control over the country. The policy of Indianizing the Indian Civil Service proceeds apace. Of the officials, not more than 2,000 are now British. Doubtless, the British hold the higher appointments, but everywhere they administer the country by working with Indian colleagues according to laws laid down by the Parliament at Delhi and the provincial legislatures to which Indians are elected. While the British command the

army, three-fourths of the army is Indian, which means that, without grave risk of mutiny, it can be used for the maintenance of order only, and not for plunder or oppression.

It is not too much to say that slowly but surely the British are evacuating India. They retain the symbols of authority, but are present more and more as invited helpers and less and less as autocratic rulers. One by one, the departments of public service, like health or education, are being transferred to Indian control, and it is very probable that the railways will soon be taken over by the state. These changes, taken together, are of a momentous significance. They mean that India is becoming autonomous, like Canada, Australia or any other of the British dominions.

Autonomous, but not yet democratic. The mass of Indians are still voteless and illiterate. For them, the change is merely from one master to another. Sixty millions of them are still outcasts or untouchables, with no political or social rights whatever and no hope of any, except through western intervention. Also, it is not that the British are driven out by force. The fact is rather that the time has come when India would like to have more of the British in her service and finds it hard to obtain them. For Englishmen of the

highest education, the Indian Civil Service has ceased to be attractive. The fall in the rupee has reduced pay and pensions. The fact that British officials are few means that they are lonely, having hardly any western neighbors to talk to. In particular, European ladies are still reluctant to be treated by Indian doctors, who are often the only doctors available in remote stations. Also, it is one thing to go to India to give orders and quite another thing to go there to be criticized and abused and to carry out the orders of others—they being Indians.

Yet missionary opinion is solid for the view that, for many years, India will need western assistance. The honesty of her finances must be guaranteed against that bribery and corruption which have ruined so many Asiatic countries. She must be sure of justice in her courts of law and science in engineering, mining and industrial development. The British may therefore stay in India, but on a new footing; not as sovereigns by right, but as sovereigns by invitation—a convenient ally of lands that are united under the British, but would otherwise fall apart. In short, India has won Home Rule and is now mistress of her own destinies. She need not retain the British one day longer than she so desires.

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

IT was James Pollock, governor of Pennsylvania from 1854 to 1857 and holder of many public offices during a long lifetime, who, according to a letter from him which is in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Emma Pollock Corss, originated the idea of stamping the motto, "In God We Trust," on United States coins. A part of the letter, which we quote from the *New York Tribune*, reads:

"Early in 1863 or 1864, believing that the recognition of our nation's God on our national coins was a national as well as a personal religious duty, particularly as we were then in the midst of a fearful

war and struggle for our nation's unity and life, I corresponded with the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, and urged the propriety of placing upon the coins of the United States the motto, 'In God We Trust' or 'God Our Trust.' After some correspondence, Mr. Chase approved my suggestion, and in 1864 or 1865 I prepared a bill to be submitted to Congress authorizing the motto 'In God We Trust,' approved by Mr. Chase, to be placed upon all the coins of the United States, gold or silver, large enough to contain the motto. The bill passed both Senate and House unanimously. In 1866 the regular coinage of the gold and silver coins with the motto 'In God We Trust' was commenced and has continued ever since."

PUTTING THE OLD TESTAMENT ON THE SCREEN

PASTORS who want to increase the attendance at their Sunday evening services can hardly do better than communicate with the National Non-Theatrical Motion Pictures, Inc., of New York City. This organization announces the release of a visualization of one of the world's greatest narratives—the Old Testament. A public showing of some of the pictures was recently made at Columbia University.

These remarkable films, produced by Armando Vay, cost over three million dollars and occupied the working hours of ten directors, fifteen photographers and an army of technical assistants for five years. Part of the money used to produce the films is said to have been advanced by the Italian Government.

In the magnitude of the story, settings, characters, effects, number of people employed, scenic investiture and entertainment, this stupendous array of Biblical stories stands unrivalled. In order to secure the authoritative information that was necessary to insure its historical accuracy, the directors and scenic writers made trips all over the world to seek advice from the leading archeologists and antiquarians and students of Biblical history. The film, therefore, represents leading knowledge gathered together by centuries of patient research concerning the conditions of life in Egypt, Palestine and adjacent regions thousands of years ago. Particular pains were taken in the costuming of the two thousand five hundred men, women and children. Every bit of available historical knowledge was ransacked in order to make the clothes worn as nearly as possible those worn by the ancient Egyptians and Israelites.

In some cases, the properties used to give realism to the scenes were weapons, household utensils and other



AN ITALIAN CAIN

Italian management, Italian actors and also, it is said, a subsidy from the Italian Government are responsible for the success of the new Biblical films.

things which have actually been recovered from ancient tombs in the ruins of long-buried cities. When this was impossible, the properties were carefully modelled from the antique originals found in the great museum collections of Europe and America.

Many scenes were taken in the Sahara desert, and one of the most remarkable ones was laid in the volcanic crater in that region. Other scenes show thousands of wild desert Arabs, deadly sand storms, wild beasts and real terrors and wonders of the desert. In creating the film of the Holy Bible the Italians carried their operations to the forbidden, almost unexplored, Sinai and to many other scenes of the Bible story. They located a large part of the story upon Mount Sinai, where Jehovah spoke to Moses and gave him the Ten Commandments. Other parts of the picture were taken in Egypt, Palestine and Babylonia. The Italians and their government hired the inhabitants of entire towns to take part in certain scenes, entire tribes of Arabs, kings, chiefs and all the members of ancient monasteries and convents in the East. They filmed camels, lions, snakes and many other wild and domestic animals of the Orient. In one scene—the building of the Tower of Babel in Mesopo-



MOSES HOLDING UP HIS HANDS TO ENSURE THE VICTORY OF HIS PEOPLE OVER THE AMALEKITES

This and the thousands of other pictures of Biblical episodes just released were made in Egypt, Palestine and adjacent regions.



"LAY NOT THINE HAND UPON THE LAD!"
The old stories are the best stories. What could surpass, in dramatic suspense, the story of Abraham and Isaac?

tamia—they employed over twenty thousand actors, and in the entire film more than one hundred thousand actors were employed.

The entire project is warmly commended by the *Christian Herald*, of New York, which points out that religion has been almost overlooked in the making and marketing of motion pictures, and goes on to comment:

"We believe that the motion-picture industry is making a big mistake in refusing to have business relations with the religious and educational institutions of the country. The church and the school, next to the home, have more to do with molding the lives of young people than any other factors in our national life. On them rests American culture. On them rests the moral growth of the generation. The almost universal attendance at motion-picture theaters makes the film an extremely important influence that must be taken from commercial hands and placed under the control of devoted and consecrated men who will use it for the highest purposes."



LOT'S WIFE IS TURNING INTO A PILLAR OF SALT

The fiery destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the escape of Lot with his wife and two daughters, and the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt because she "looked back," are among the most dramatic of the events portrayed in the new Biblical pictures.



"THE RAIN WAS UPON THE EARTH FORTY DAYS"

It was a clever artistic stroke to silhouet the lioness with her cub against a white sky. Men, women and animals may all be seen struggling to escape from the rising waters.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF OLD AGE

ABOUT the best book ever written concerning old age and its problems is G. Stanley Hall's "Senescence" (Appleton).

It is a book that every person on the shady side of fifty can get a good deal out of.

Perhaps the best way to give an idea of its contents is to quote from it a bit.

Generally speaking, Dr. Hall says that every state is irksome for those who have no support within and who do not see that they owe happiness to themselves. Each age brings its own interests—spring for blossoms and autumn for fruit.

Those who achieve complete ideal senescence, according to our author, are those who have entirely sublimated eroticism into the passion for truth, and pursue it with the same ardor that in their prime attracted them to the most beautiful of the opposite sex.

One sharp saying he makes is that when the hair grows white it is possible, especially for women, to do many things impossible before.

Perhaps the best summing up of the old-age point of view is his statement that as we grow old we see that nothing, after all, matters as much as we thought.

Almost all good workers live long, writes Dr. Hall. The blind old Dandolo, elected Doge at eighty-four, storming Constantinople at ninety-four, and afterward recalled, again victorious, was elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the empire, which he declined, and died Doge at ninety-seven. Newton made important discoveries for every one of his eighty-five years. Washington, the perfect citizen; Wellington, the perfect soldier; Goethe, the

DR. G. STANLEY HALL, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has written a remarkable book on old age, entitled "Senescence." Dr. Hall has written other books, all of which have high standing among thinking people. Among these books are "Adolescence," "Recreations of a Psychologist," "Youth," "Morale," and others. Whatever he writes is characterized by accuracy, by thoroughness, and, best of all, by an entertaining and luminous style.

all-knowing poet; Humboldt, the encyclopædia of science—all were old. John Quincy Adams fought the House of Representatives at eighty-three; Josiah Quincy attacked the Know-Nothings at eighty-five—said the bats were leading

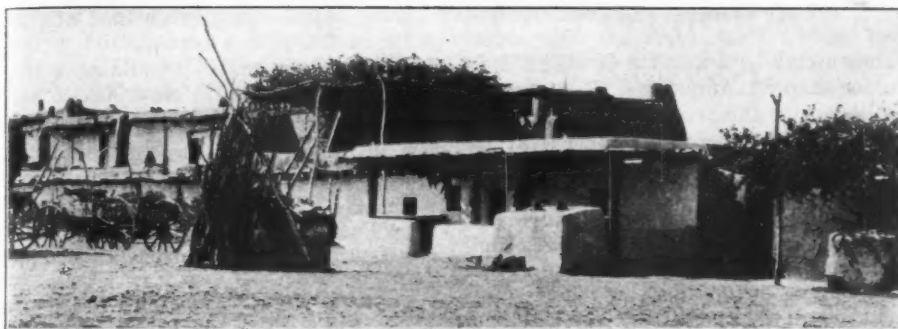
the eagles. He broke his hip at ninety-two, and when Dr. Ellis called he was so charmed that he forgot to ask him how he was and went back to do so. Quincy said: "Damn the leg." Gladstone, aged eighty-three, faced a hostile Government, House of Lords, press, aristocracy, university and, perhaps, a hostile Queen, and said: "I represent the youth and hope of England. The solution of these questions of the future belongs aright to us who are of the future and not to you who are of the past."

W. D. Howells said at eighty that he was less afraid of dying than when he was young. Those who have made themselves wanted are still so.

One writer said that no man can be happy until he is past sixty.

If the man who has lived solely for sport is ill prepared to meet old age, he who has lived solely for business is still less so. He has had no time to cultivate his more human tastes, but has developed his potentialities in only one direction, and when superannuation comes his soul is bankrupt.

One of the most beautiful and most normal attributes of old age is interest in the young, without which age is lonely and life becomes, as the preacher said, "vanity of vanities." If old people are confined to the company of other old people they hasten each other's downward course. There was even a certain psychoiogiical truth symbolized



Courtesy of Mabel Sterne

A RED MAN'S HOME

This architecture is characteristic of the Pueblo communities of New Mexico, and represents the oldest known civilization in the United States.

in the old idea that the company of a young girl was the best means for the rejuvenation of an old man.

Old age dulls conscience, may bring vanity and new ambitions, petulance, irritability, misanthropy and slow down activity. But the best average barometer of mental failure is memory, the loss of which comes as an advance guard of many symptoms.

The bicycle rider has to keep going to keep erect, so the old man has to keep working. The first vacation is often fatal.

This volume will be of real value to those who are past the prime of life in enabling them to adjust their minds and their hearts to the inevitable. The secret of contentment, after all, is adjustment. And the secret of irritation and pessimism is the attitude of constant rebellion toward those things that we cannot help.

When we understand this, we are well on the way toward real happiness.

In a normal life old age should bring as many compensations as it brings losses.

ARE THE PUEBLO INDIANS TO BE ROBBED OF THEIR HERITAGE?

THE very life of the Pueblo communities of New Mexico is said to be menaced by the Bursum Bill which almost slipped through the Senate in September, and was only sent back to the Public Lands Committee for reconsideration after Senator Borah had denounced it as one of the boldest raids on Indian lands ever attempted in Congress. It is claimed that the bill was put through the Committee during the absence of its chairman, Senator Smoot. Since the nature of the bill has been made public, protests have poured in upon Washington. The Indians themselves, assembled in convention in Santo Domingo, have signed

a dignified protest against the provisions of the proposed law. The authors and artists of the colonies at Taos and Santa Fé have issued a manifesto branding the bill as "grossly unjust to the Indians" and as a violation of every official protestation that the United States Government is their protector. D. H. Lawrence, the English novelist who has lately been visiting New Mexico, contributes to the *New York Times* a spirited article supporting the same conclusions, while Percy Mackaye and Elizabeth Sergeant in the *New York Times*, Arthur Chapman in the *New York Tribune*, and Alice Corbin Henderson in the *New Republic* swell the chorus.

There are about 8,000 Pueblo Indians, all told. They represent the oldest known civilization in the United States, older than St. Augustine. Their twenty villages are the relics of a cultural life which is passing but which still inspires. They are artists in ceremonial dances, in music, in poetry, in pottery, in weaving, in silver-work; and in the art of pure design alone, as Mrs. Henderson points out, their continuing and developing achievement is superb, comparable to the early Greek and Etruscan art and far surpassing the most ambitious achievements of American artists in this direction.

Something like 60,000 acres are said to be in dispute. For years and years the white man has been encroaching on the Indians' land. At the present time there are more than 1,000 non-Indian land-claimants. Mrs. Henderson holds the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of Justice responsible. She says:

"First the government permitted thousands of trespasses on Pueblo land; it could have stopped them had it willed. Then, some four years ago, under an evangelical impulse, the government started proceedings to oust all holders from Indian land; it reconsidered and after a year and a half lapsed into an inactivity more complete than before. Now the government proposes through the Bursum bill to make one clean sweep, transferring all disputed lands to the non-Indians, namely, the voters, and inviting the hurried seizure of the remnants of Indian-occupied land, while at the same time disintegrating the self-governing institutions of the Pueblos."

Mrs. Henderson thinks that at any time in the past a constructive policy based on statesmanship could have settled the land-tangle in New Mexico and could have done substantial justice to all. She tells us:

"The clue to the problem is water. Land without water is useless in New Mexico. The Pueblo country is irrigated in the same primitive manner that existed before the white man came to America—by ditches without storage, which depend on the stream-flow of the moment and are washed away with every river flood. The waters and the land they flow over are government property in the main and the Rio Grande is an interstate river. Under the Reimbursable Act, Congress could institute the needed storage, power and drainage systems without the cost of a cent to taxpayers and to the general benefit of the populations involved. There is still time to adopt this policy."

D. H. Lawrence, writing in more pessimistic vein, sees "the end of the Pueblos," but asks that at least they be allowed to die a natural death:

"Surely the great Federal Government is capable of instituting an efficient Indian Commission to inquire fairly and settle fairly. Or a small Indian office that knows what it's about. For Heaven's sake keep these Indians out of the clutches of politics."

"Because, finally, in some curious way, the Pueblos still lie here at the core of American life. In some curious way, it is the Indians still who are American. This great welter of whites is not yet a nation."

"The Indians keep burning an eternal fire, the sacred fire of the old dark religion."



Photo by Mabel Sterne
HE APPEALS FOR FAIR
PLAY

This Pueblo Indian is one of 8,000 whose lands are menaced by recent encroachments.

SENATOR BORAH PLEADS FOR RECOGNITION OF SOVIET RUSSIA

THE great mass of mankind, if permitted to have the voice, would dispose of many of the controversies and conflicts and manifestations of turmoil which now exist. But while the world wants peace and wants the great burden of armaments lifted, it is impossible to make progress under the policies which now obtain, and you cannot return to normalcy in Europe, you cannot lift the

burdens of armaments in Europe, until the Russian question is settled.

It is the key to the great problem of restoring peace throughout the continent of Europe. This was recognized at Genoa, it is recognized by the leaders of Europe and ought to be recognized by the leaders of this country. I know of no other starting-point.

May I, by way of preface, call attention to a precedent which it would be well for those who are so antagonistic to the recognition of Russia to study for a time? You recall that on the 12th day of April, 1793, George Washington wrote a letter to his cabinet in which he advised it that there would be a cabinet meeting and that it would consider the question of the recognition of the government which had been set up by the French revolution. So upon the 19th of April, 1793, this cabinet met to consider the question of the revolutionary government of France.

It was a great cabinet. On one side was Alexander Hamilton, perhaps the

SENATOR BORAH—the same who fought the Versailles Treaty, the League of Nations and the Four-Power Alliance—is reversing himself. He believes now that “cooperation,” rather than “isolation,” should be the word emblazoned on our national banner. As a first step toward a closer international cooperation he proposes that our Government recognize Soviet Russia. He takes this attitude not because he believes that Sovietism is the best form of government, but because he believes that the Soviet Government is fairly representative of the Russian people, that Americans need to trade with Russia, and that in any case Russia will have to be welcomed back, sooner or later, into the family of nations. His argument was presented in a speech delivered in Symphony Hall, Boston, on December 2, and is condensed here from a report in the Boston “Herald.”

greatest constructive genius who ever dealt with the science of government; on the other side was Thomas Jefferson, the most wide-ranging spirit in politics of his day, and at the head of the table sat Washington himself. It was the greatest cabinet in the history of the world, except, of course, our present cabinet.

And so they considered the

question of the recognition of the revolutionary government of France, and they voted unanimously to recognize that government. At the time of this recognition the guillotine was running each morning. It was during this period that the massacres took place in the prisons of France. It was during this time that the church property was confiscated, that privileges were abolished, that the courts were also abolished and that all forms of civic government which had been known passed out, and the only government known was the government of nine men. I submit, my friends, that there is not an act of cruelty, of injustice, of hideous wrong that has been attributed to the Soviet Government, which was not part and parcel of the history of the government which was recognized by Washington and his colleagues.

We would all like to see revolutions take place in an orderly way, we should like to see them happening in a bloodless way. No man pleading for recognition of the Soviet government in-

dorses murder or the taking of human life. We should have been glad to see wrong conditions taken from the backs of the people without bloodshed and misery, but we know as a people studying the history of the world that such things do happen, cruel as they seem to be, as the apparently necessary steps through which a people work out their salvation.

I have always given it as my decided opinion that no nation has a right to intermeddle in the internal concerns of another, and that every one has a right to form and adopt whatever government they like to live under themselves. Some friend said to me this afternoon after I arrived in your city that I was going to speak to the most conservative people under the American flag, and I replied that I was very glad it was so, because I was going to preach the most conservative doctrine that was ever preached from a rostrum. I appeal from Charles E. Hughes to George Washington, and I preach the conservative doctrine of the man who not only knew how to lead the revolutionary armies but also how to build a republic.

Suppose that the present government, which has stood the test for five years against every conspiracy from without and from within, suppose that it falls, what is to take the place of the present government of Russia? Chaos, misery, hunger, turmoil, assassination, another five years of indescribable misery. Do we want to be a party to it? Do we propose to restore the old aristocracy? What is our plan? Why not give a helping hand, advice and counsel to the government which now represents the Russian people? It has passed through its days, weeks, months and years of suffering and sacrifice, and it is now a government.

A distinguished visitor to your city [Elihu Root] recently said that one of the greatest menaces to the peace of the world is that Germany, Russia and Turkey may form an alliance. It is possible that may happen. If it does, it is because of the policies of the Allies. If you put 140,000,000 people on the

outside of the family of nations, treat them as outlaws, will they not seek association elsewhere?

When we formed the Four-Power alliance we took Japan, Great Britain, Italy and France and formed a combine to protect our interests in the Pacific. Russia was one of the great Pacific powers and Japan was in possession of part of her territory at the time. What notice was that to Russia? A combination formed to protect our interests in the Pacific with one of the great Pacific powers left out would inevitably drive it into alliance with some other power.

And our distinguished visitor says that there may be an alliance of Russia with the bloody Turk. I ask our distinguished visitor from this rostrum to-night, and I ask him to inform the American people, under whose tutelage, direction and guidance was Turkey brought back as a European power?

Who furnished the arms and ammunition? [A voice, "France."] With whose guns and ammunition were the Christians massacred? [A voice, "France."] Let us be candid. Mr. Root says we must have candid discussion. Now, my friends, just so long as the present policy of the Allies maintains in Europe and Russia excluded from the family of nations, just that long are you going to have counter alliances and you are going to have war.

I think our distinguished guest is right, that a war is impending in the Near East. I have been very much in fear that it may come, but when it comes it will be as much the logical result of the policies of the Allies since the signing of the armistice as night follows day. No nation in the world ever had the opportunity of the United States to lead the people of Europe out of this turmoil and strife. If President Harding would say to-morrow morning, "I propose to recognize the government of Russia, I propose to open up trade relations with every nation on the earth, I propose to promote amity, justice and friendship, and to put behind me the fear and the vengeance of war," he would lead the world to peace.

SENDING FINGER-PRINTS BY RADIO

DAILY the path of the criminal becomes narrower and more difficult, the latest obstacle being the long arm of radio which not only serves to insure rapid intercommunication between the various police forces of the world, but also transmits photographs and finger-prints of the wrong-doer for the purposes of instantaneous and positive long-distance identification.

The means employed for the transmission of photographs and drawings via radio were described in **CURRENT OPINION** at the time Dr. Arthur Korn, professor of electrophysics in Berlin, and Edouard Belin, the French electrical engineer, succeeded in transmitting photographs between St. Louis and New York by telegraph line, and between Bordeaux and Bar Harbor via radio. Much the same means are now employed in transmitting identification pictures and finger-prints between various European cities.

In the *Scientific American*, the Belin



Courtesy of the *Scientific American*

WITH THE POLICE OFFICIAL IN THE FIELD

A portable transmitting outfit which can be attached to the usual telephone or telegraph line after the necessary arrangements have been made for a clear right-of-way communication,

system of image transmission is thus described:

"An image, in the form of a photograph, drawing, handwriting, printed matter or finger-print, is converted into a relief image and wrapped about a cylinder of the transmitting device. Then, as the image turns at a predetermined speed which is in absolute synchronism with the turning of a receiving cylinder at the distant point, the high and low spots of the relief image are brought in due time under a point or stylus of a current-controlling device. In the case of photographs, where a half-tone effect must be handled, with blacks, whites—and the various intermediate values, the stylus is connected with a microphonic instrument so that the varying pressure on the carbon grains of the microphone control a current quite in keeping with the relief effect of the image. In the case of straight black-and-white or "line" images such as handwriting, drawings, finger-prints, maps, printed matter and so on, the stylus is connected to a simple make-and-break device, which makes and breaks a current according to the raised or the lowered por-



*Prière faire savoir si empreintes
digitales ci-dessus sont bien celles
du Nomme X — 23495.*

LONG-DISTANCE EVIDENCE: FINGER-PRINTS VIA
RADIO

Actual finger-print record received with the Belin apparatus. The inscription reads: "Beg to let us know if finger-prints above are surely those of No. X-23495."

tions of the image under the transmitting stylus."

In the matter of converting finger-prints into direct relief images, the use of special inks and powders is enlisted. The finger-print is produced with the special ink and the wet image is then sprinkled with the special resinous powder. The surplus powder is blown off and the image is then placed in an

electric oven for a short time in order to bake the powder, which turns into an enamel-like relief image. This relief image, on the proper sized sheet of paper, is ready for the transmitter cylinder without the usual copying and developing and printing process. In the case of finger-prints, the criminal is called upon to make the prints with the sticky ink, and the prints are treated directly to form relief images.

WHERE EARTHQUAKES COME FROM

THE Carnegie Institute and the Hydrographic Office of the Navy have joined hands in an effort to discover the sources and causes of earthquakes by means of a sonic depth finder. Two American destroyers—the *Hull* and the *Corry*—have been equipped with this novel apparatus at San Francisco and have begun making soundings over a stretch of seven thousand miles off the Californian and Mexican coasts. It is believed by scientists in Washington that this new survey of the sea bottom, which may be extended to the South Pacific, will clear up some of the mystery of great seismic disturbances such as recently occurred along the Chilean coast.

Two methods of obtaining soundings will be used—one for depths up to 540 feet and the other for greater depths. The first is known as the angle method. It uses the ship's propellers as a sound device, and the echo is received in a compensator from the sound receivers. The depths scale is graduated by obtaining several points on a curve when the set is calibrated. After calibration the depths may be read directly from the scale.

The second, or deep sea method, uses the speed of sound in water as a means of measuring the depth. An impulse is sent out on the oscillator. The elapsed time between the sending and receiving of the oscillation is recorded automatically when the echo completes the electrical circuit.

With the old method of dropping the

lead it would take about three hours to get a single sounding at the depth of 3,200 fathoms. The new method takes about four minutes to measure such a depth, and the result is equally accurate, if not more.

A fundamental cause of earthquakes, writes Charles Davison, Sc.D., the British geological authority, in the London *Daily Mail*, is the gradual adjustment of the rock envelope around a shrinking interior. The great mountain systems with their wrinkles, folds and block ranges are the result of such adjustment. The rock layer folds itself about the shrinking interior not by bending but by innumerable fractures or breaks. The breaks and shearings of the various strata which form the crust are the faults of the geologist. Some of the faults thus produced are hundreds of miles in length; others are almost insignificant in extent. When the shearing and the displacement are sudden, aggregating ten, twenty or even fifty feet, thrusting billions of tons of rock out of place, there occur the jars and tremors that make the earth tremble over an area of many thousands of square miles.

To be felt along a thousand miles of coast and violent enough to stop clocks nine hundred miles away from the center of the shock, the area disturbed by the recent Chilean quake must have far exceeded a million square miles. The tidal wave that accompanied it proved, we read, that its origin was submarine and also that the earth-

quake was accompanied by a marked change of level in the ocean-bed—not by such a change as that first reported of 16,800 to 516 feet, but by one of some few feet only, the greatest known uplift in any earthquake being nearly 48 feet.

The next point of significance is that the damage caused by the earthquake was most serious along a portion of the coast about 200 miles in length, reaching from Coquimbo northwards to Copiapo, the town that suffered most of all being Vallenar, about half-way between these places. It is therefore probable that the origin lay some distance out at sea and in the neighborhood of a place directly opposite to Vallenar.

Along the margins of the Pacific Ocean are some of the most potent earthquake regions in the world. There is one—a large one—to the east of Japan, and, farther south, another which includes the Philippine Islands and the Malay Archipelago. On the other side of the ocean lies a third zone beginning in Alaska and extending southeastwards. A fourth reaches from a little north of San Francisco, covers Central America, and ends to the south of Colombia; while the fifth clings to the western coast of South America, and to it belong the many earthquakes which in times past have ravaged the coasts of Chile and Peru.

Out of every ten world-shaking

earthquakes seven originate in the Pacific regions, which are exactly ten times as productive in great shocks as the corresponding regions of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Pacific Ocean, unlike the Atlantic, is also remarkable in possessing narrow troughs of immense depth. Off the east coast of Japan lies the Tuscaraora Deep. Its greatest depth is $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and below its western slope originate many of the greatest Japanese earthquakes.

The deepest of all, off the island of Guam, is the Challenger Deep, which sinks nearly 6 miles below the sea level. This is a mile deeper than Mt. Everest is high.

The coasts of Chile and Peru are bordered by a series of these troughs—the Krümmel Deep ($4\frac{1}{4}$ miles) off Arequipa, the Bartholomew Deep (4 miles) off Arica, the Richards Deep ($4\frac{3}{4}$ miles) off Copiapo, and the Haeckel Deep ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles) off Valparaíso and Santiago. It is along the sloping sides of these troughs that the most destructive Peruvian and Chilean earthquakes originate, and the center of the recent shock will probably be found not far distant from the southern end of the Richards Deep. The earthquakes of Chile and Peru are said to be movements that will culminate eventually in the formation of a new series of mountain ranges, such as the Andes.

SHERLOCK HOLMES OUTDONE BY SCIENTISTS IN FLOWER SLEUTHING

WHILE writers of fiction have been borrowing from science for the improvement of detective methods, Drs. F. K. Richtmyer, of Cornell University, and F. E. Lutz, of the American Museum of Natural History, have been applying detective methods to scientific research work in determining why flowers have color. The solution of this problem is regarded by the National Research

Council as more important than the clearing up of many murder mysteries.

Until recently, it was assumed, on orthodox Darwinian lines, that flowers had developed colors to attract pollinating insects whose visits were necessary for the manufacture of seeds. But this theory has been challenged. Experiments have indicated that insects may be color-blind. Some apparently cannot see red. Why should flowers be

red if bees, moths and other pollenating insects cannot see red? Why should they display other hues, brilliant to the human eye, but apparently invisible to insects?

Other experiments have indicated that if the bee, the moth and the fly are blind to some colors that we see they can see other colors invisible to us. They can see or in some way detect ultra-violet light, which is mere blackness to human beings. So it became important to learn how ultra-violet colors attract insects.

Dr. Richtmyer has found flowers which reflect no ultra-violet color at all, others which reflect it richly, others which reflect it in varying proportions, and some which reflect it strongly from some parts of their surface and not at all from other parts. Does the bee show a preference for flowers which are strong in ultra-violet coloring—whatever it may be—or is it biased in favor of any particular color?

A year ago the only method for solving the problem was leg-work. The scientist would have to pick out a bee and shadow it, following the bee from flower to flower and jotting down in his notebook like a Scotland Yard man what flowers the insect visited and what it overlooked. But it is difficult to follow a bee on its rounds, because it keeps darting off in unexpected directions and losing itself among the other bees in the same field. It would take many years of field work by many observers to get enough statistics to establish what colors a bee prefers.

Here Dr. Lutz invented a short cut, an armchair detective trick which enables a scientist in his laboratory to gather facts in one day which the field worker could not collect in a year. It may be

expressed briefly by saying that the bee keeps a diary and that the investigator discovered a means of reading the diary. Sherlock Holmes reconstructed the route walked by his friend Watson from the variations of mud stain on Watson's boots. Similar tell-tale entries are recorded on the legs of the bee. They are placed on file by the bee in storing his honey, so that his conduct day by day for a whole season is registered in detail.

The grains of pollen indicate where a bee has been. Each flower has a different type of pollen grain. Under the microscope one is like a currycomb, another is a disk, a third is a lozenge, a fourth is covered with hair, a fifth is twisted like a figure 8, and so on. A grain from any flower is distinguishable from the grain of any other flower.

Take a bee, the investigator found, brush off his legs, examine the sweepings under a microscope, and from the character of the grains it is possible to tell every flower which the bee has looted of honey on its last flight. Also it is possible to lay bare the history of a given bee for months by means of the pollen grains that stick to its hairy legs.



© Wide World Photos

TYPEWRITING MUSIC

Professor Fortoni, an Italian inventor, working his "musical typewriter," which has been perfected after 12 years of experimenting.



LITERARY modes arrive and pass with tidal regularity. Some one writer in verse or prose happens, either by intention or accident, upon some unworked or underworked vein, and in time a whole flock of brother and sister artists hurry to the subject.

This has been the case with Chinese poetry. Just who started an apparently growing interest in it is a matter of dispute. Ezra Pound led off a time ago with some excellent adaptations of Chinese poetry from Ernest Fenollosa's notes; but even before that Lafcadio Hearn had lifted the veil and pointed the way. Their pioneer work had no particular vogue. Then came Arthur Waley with two volumes of Chinese translations, and the process of inoculating us with Oriental poetry became a habit. Arrived Judith Gautier, in France, and E. Pöwys Mather, in England, followed by Amy Lowell, with the aid of Florence Ayscough, in this country. A volume of Chinese transcriptions by Witter Bynner is still in the offing.

It seems certain that the quality of simplicity in most, if not all, of these translations is lacking. Attention has been paid by CURRENT OPINION to most of them. Yet it is interesting to ponder about the vogue of Chinese poetry and to persist in trying to discover just why our poets should pay so much attention to a literature that was perfected long ago.

It is observed by Chang Hsin-Hai, in the *Edinburgh Review*, that Anglo-American poets to-day are "more concerned with how the thing is said than with what to say. . . . And this is where Chinese poetry comes in. The bareness of Oriental words, the restraint, the lack of padding, the doing

away with extravagant flares of color and monstrous images, all these things commend themselves to the young poet. He sees that Li T'ai Po, for instance, was doing centuries ago what he is weakly striving to do to-day. And that is to write a poetry that owes nothing to the fine feathers of Victorian days, but which is an admirable self-expression suggesting far more than is directly stated."

Regardless of the fact that the number of both old and young poets contemporary in both hemispheres is negligible, it seems fitting that an Oriental, Shigeyoshi Obata, resident in the United States and long a student of Chinese poetry, should render most satisfactorily into English "The Works of Li Po" (Dutton), "the best-known Chinese poet in the Orient for the last thousand years or more." Following are some of his renditions, remarkable for their fidelity to the original and for the poetry that invests them in translation:

TO HIS THREE FRIENDS

BY LI PO

WHEN the hunter sets traps only for rabbits,
Tigers and dragons are left uncaught.
Even so, men of blue-cloud ambition remain unsought,
Singing aloud at the door of their rocky den.

My friend, Han, you are rare and profound;

Pei, you possess a true clean breast;
And Kung, you, too, are an excellent man;
And all you three are lovers of cloud and mist.

Your stout and straight souls
Are loftier than the loftiest pine.
A flat boulder for a bed, you sleep together under one cover;

You hack the ice and sip water from the
winter stream;
You own two pairs of shoes to wear among
you three.

Once wandering as you pleased,
Like the vagrant clouds,
You came out of the mountains to greet
the governor.
Indifferently you wore cap and mantle a
while,
Whistling long.

Last night you dreamed of returning to
your old haunt,
And enjoying, you say, the moon of the
Bamboo Valley.
This morning outside the east gate of Luh
We spread the tent and drink the fare-
well cup.

Be careful as you go!
The cliffs are snowy, and your horses may
slip;
And the road of tangled vines may per-
plex you.
Pray remember,
My thoughts of longing are like the smoke
grass,
That grows always in profusion, winter
or spring!

THE LONG-DEPARTED LOVER

By Li Po

FAIR one, when you were here, I filled
the house with flowers.
Fair one, now you are gone—only an
empty couch is left.
On the couch the embroidered quilt is
rolled up; I cannot sleep.
It is three years since you went. The per-
fume you left behind haunts me still.

The perfume strays about me forever, but
where are you, Beloved?
I sigh—the yellow leaves fall from the
branch,
I weep—the dew twinkles white on the
green mosses.

THE CHING-TING MOUNTAIN

By Li Po

FLOCKS of birds have flown high and
away;
A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone,
wandering on.

And I sit alone with the Ching-ting Peak,
towering beyond.
We never grow tired of each other, the
mountain and I.

AN EXHORTATION

By Li Po

DO you not see the waters of the Yellow
River
Come flowing from the sky?
The swift stream pours into the sea and
returns nevermore.
Do you not see high on yonder tower
A white-haired one sorrowing before his
bright mirror?
In the morning those locks were like black
silk,
In the evening they are all snow.
Let us, while we may, taste the old de-
lights,
And leave not the gold cask of wine
To stand alone in the moonlight!

Gods have bestowed our genius on us;
They will also find its use some day.
Be not loath, therefore, to spend
Even a thousand gold pieces! Your
money will come back.
Kill the sheep, slay the ox, and carouse!
Truly you should drink three hundred
cups in a round!

* * * *

Now let you and me buy wine to-day!
Why say we have not the price?
My horse spotted with five flowers,
My fur-coat worth a thousand pieces of
gold,
These I will take out, and call my boy
To barter them for sweet wine.
And with you twain, let me forget
The sorrow of ten thousand ages!

By the death of Alice Meynell in Lon-
don, at the age of 72, a distinguished
and authentic voice has been silenced.
She was apart, "the quietest and most
accomplished woman of her time,"
whose gnomic brevities of personal
statement and quietly confident legisla-
tions on all matters of taste and feeling
place her, as an essayist, shall we say,
with Agnes Repplier. One of her poems
appeared in our December number.
Following are two others, the first
from a recent number of the London
Mercury:

AMEN

BY ALICE MEYNELL

"He shall rise up at the voice of a bird."
—*Ecclesiastes.*

WHO then is "he"?
Dante, Keats, Shakespeare, Milton,
Shelley; all
Rose in their greatness at the shrill de-
cree,
The little, rousing, inarticulate call.

For they stood up
At the bird-voice, of lark, of nightingale,
Drank poems from that throat as from
a cup.
Over the great world's notes did these
prevail.

And not alone
The sacred poets woke. In listening man,
Woman, and child a poet stirs unknown,
Throughout the Mays of birds since Mays
began.

He rose, he heard—
Our father, our Saint Peter, in his tears—
The crowing, twice, of the prophetic bird,
The saddest cock-crow of our human
years.

A THRUSH BEFORE DAWN

BY ALICE MEYNELL

DARKLING, deliberate, what sings
This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what
things
Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?

And first first-likes, a multitude
The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
And midnights of invisible rain;
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

The fact that Mr. Housman waited
twenty odd years to publish a second
book of verse, and announces his deci-
sion to remain quiet hereafter, may
have more or less effect upon the log-
rolling choir of minnesingers. Last
month we quoted two notable poems
from "Last Poems," by A. E. Housman
(Henry Holt), but we cannot refrain

from adding two others that follow and
which we take the liberty to entitle:

ECCE HOMO

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

COULD man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

THE CHESTNUT CASTS HIS
FLAMBEAUX

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

THE chestnut casts his flambeaux, and
the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind
away,
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with
showers.
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end
of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our
mortal lot,
One season ruined of our little store.
May will be fine next year as like as not:
Oh, ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.

We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest
hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and
cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made
the world.

It is in truth iniquity on high
To cheat our sentenced souls of aught
they crave,
And mar the merriment as you and I
Fare on our long fool's-errand to the
grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can.
My lad, no pair of kings our mothers
bore;
Our only portion is the estate of man:
We want the moon, but we shall get no
more.

If here to-day the cloud of thunder lours
To-morrow it will hie on far behests;

The flesh will grieve on other bones than
ours
Soon, and the soul will mourn in other
breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry
dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink
your ale.

The sort of sonnet that finds a ready
market, in such magazines as *Pictorial
Review*, and yet that sings with authen-
ticity, is the following which we dis-
cover in that magazine:

HOUSE-BOUND

BY HAROLD VINAL

MEN who love houses and the quiet
hearth,
What do they know of ships that go to
sea?
They have not looked at tall spars wist-
fully,
Or marked the flight of seabirds from the
earth.
Men who love streets and towns, what do
they know
Of silver beauty blown across the night?
Only the look of plum-trees trembling
white,
Only the scent of orchards when they
blow.

Their ears are deaf to waves along the
shore;
They never stand at dawn upon a quay;
Their feet are never vagrant to explore,
Nor is the tide in what they say or see.
No sight of water wounds them like a
dart,
Nor does an anchor weigh upon their
heart.

In one of the most satisfying little
anthologies of recent publication, ap-
propriately entitled "A Little Anthol-
ogy From the Magazines of 1921,"
edited by Rolfe Humphries and printed
by the Order of Bookfellows, Chicago,
are several poems that have already
appeared in these columns. Others of
equal or greater excellence in the col-
lection are:

INSCRIPTION TO MY MOTHER

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

TO you I owe
The blood of a Gael,
The laughter I wear
As a coat of mail.

To you I owe
My gift of scorn
That I took from you
In the hour I was born.

To you I owe
The gift of belief
Though the credo I utter
Has brought you grief.

To you I owe
My songs, each one,
For you hushed with music
Your little son.

SNOW DUST

BY ROBERT FROST

THE way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

WINTER BURIAL

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

EARTH, will you be kind to her?
I give her back. . . .

Will your clumsy rocks and clay
Break her silk and pearl and ivory
To trash? . . .

. . . Or shall I see a little creeping flush
Of first flowers along that slope next
Spring?

Miss Driscoll, in her first volume,
"The Garden of the West" (Macmil-
lan), confines her singing to the minor
chords which she strikes with a sure
enough touch. She sings often of "her
garden" which, we more than suspect,
is cultivated by others. The savor of
the book is contained in such verses as
follow:

LUCK

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

SOME there are that love and win,
And some that love and lose,
Some girls take what they can get,
And some girls choose.

Some there are find joy in life,
And some that only bear it.
Some throw their luck away,
And some snatch and wear it.

Life is like a Market Day
That may be dark or sunny,
White roses may go begging there
And cabbages make money.

Since I'm not sure of anything
Beyond the present minute,
I think I'll put a little love
And some singing in it!

LATE AUTUMN

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

I AM like a pine tree
On a lone hill.
My garden is all bare,
My birds are still.

Oh, little green leaves,
That went away,
Why did you go and
Where do you stay?

I was steeped in summer,
Adrift in bloom.
My garden was gay as
A tapestried room.

Now all the paths are bare
And the stalks brown.
The birds flew up and
The leaves fell down.

The color is faded,
Red, green, and blue.
I am like a pine tree
The wind goes through.

Many a poem has been thwarted by an uglier word than "metabolism," and it is an achievement for the following one, from the *Lyric West* (Los Angeles), to have survived that very scientific word:

SAND LILY

BY FAITH MARIS

PRONE I lie while turquoise desert
dome
Goes grayly into purple.
Should I stay rooted there will be gray
Again, then a rose dawn,
And always blue at mid-day.

O splendid slow march of colors!
Each slips a sheath that flutters down
To tint a mood and warm this ivory lily
Growing beside my outstretched hand.
Sand lily, has your quartz-cold cup
Been filled with mellow sun?
Have vagabond winds brushed past to
Spray your heart with pollen?
And have you made a hard round seed
Against the day your petals fall?

Sand lily, I also know the stir
Of mystical metabolism—
The pulse of thirsty roots that sought
The cool spring under blackness—
That's why I lie here, earth-caught.

Not many wholly successful sonnets
have ever been written, but following
is one which, if not perfect, seems to
us to have merited the page given it in
the *Yale Review*:

BEAUTY

BY JOHN CROSS

I SHALL be ever near thee; snow or rain
Serve but to lend new wonders to the
light
I hold to lead thee, and my very sight
Makes pleasure flourish at the root of
pain.
Youth with its passions, age with its deep
desires,
Princes or paupers are to me the same;
Back to the moon I fling the fainting
flame,
Snatched from the western hearth of dying
fires.

He that keeps faith with me will surely
find
My substance in the shadows on the
deep,
My spirit in the courage that men keep
Tho all the stars burn out and Heaven goes
blind.
When sorrow smites thee, look! my joy
is near,
Flashing like sunlight on a falling tear.

THE \$150 MOTOR CAR IS IN SIGHT

REVOLUTIONARY developments in automobile manufacturing and price-cutting indicate, to Harold F. Blanchard, writing in *Popular Science Monthly*, that the day of the \$150 motor car is in sight. Two distinct groups of automobile manufacturers are girding for battle and there are rumors that a third may enter the field. Already W. C. Durant, whose business genius made possible General Motors, Chevrolet and the Durant Company, has thrown down the gantlet, and Henry Ford has taken it up. There is an air of impending drama about the whole industry.

A year ago, we are reminded, some automobile manufacturers who were not so far-seeing as others, were worrying about what they called "saturation." They feared that the production and sale of automobiles had reached their highest points. To-day they realize that their fears were groundless—that there is no such thing as the saturation point, so far as the sale of autos is concerned, provided the lowering of prices keeps pace with increased production.

The production of automobiles in 1922 exceeded all records. In 1920, 2,276,000 cars and trucks were produced. And in 1921, although numerous contributing factors made it seem impossible to reach that figure, the record was excelled. Up to October, 1922, 1,873,000 cars were produced. The month of October added another 244,000—44,000 ahead of the best previous October record. On top of this comes the Ford-Durant duel, a feature of which was the \$50 price cut made last fall on Ford cars which are now cheaper than many phonographs and radio sets.

W. C. Durant, who, in 1920, had consolidated Chevrolet with General Motors and built up a concern that boasted of 23,000 employees, 12,000 dealers and 60,000 stockholders, quit the corporation and organized Durant Motors. During the first nine months of his

new venture he booked \$31,000,000 worth of business and sold 30,000 automobiles. What new spectacular feat he will accomplish in the future remains to be seen. But certain it is that he is one of those who see the possibility of automobiles becoming as common as watches and as cheap in comparison with present-day automobile prices as dollar watches now are in comparison with the prices of watches of other days.

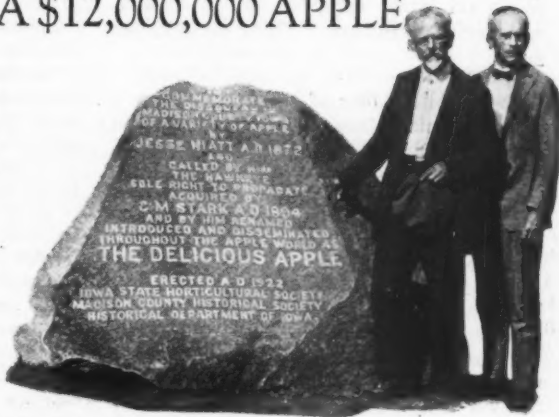
"The development of a cheaper car than we now believe possible is only a question of the development of highways," Durant is quoted as saying. "Millions more of automobiles would be in use in America to-day if the condition of our highways permitted. When our automobiles can be built to run on highways that are on the average as good as our city streets—and this is bound to come sooner or later—we shall have lighter, better and far cheaper cars. And that time is not far distant."

Speculation as to whether these cheaper automobiles will fall as low as \$150 is timely in view of the recent cut in Ford car prices. When Ford dropped the price of his roadster to \$319, and the touring car to \$348, most people thought that rock-bottom in prices had been reached. But just then Durant announced his "Star" at Ford prices and Ford quickly came back with his \$50 cut, this time lowering the roadster price to \$269 and the touring car price to \$298. All this took place *despite the fact that labor and material were still much higher than before the war.*

That such a car is a future possibility at a price of \$150 is proved by comparison with the present 1,600-pound Ford which costs \$159 to manufacture. The average dealer buys it for about \$228. On the basis of the same manufacturing cost per pound, the total cost of the \$150 car, weighing 1,000 pounds, would be \$100, leaving \$50 for sales profits and expense.

THE STORY OF A \$12,000,000 APPLE

THE only monument to a tree of which there is any record, according to the *Illustrated World*, stands in a field in Madison County, Iowa, and tells the romance of the Apple Aromatic—the big, red “Delicious,” which was born in Iowa and is now known and grown in every quarter of the globe. This unique monument was recently dedicated to the parent Delicious tree which is still standing and bearing abundantly after a life of fifty years. Its offspring, in trees distributed and planted, number more than seven and a half million. According to the lowest estimate of experts, fully a third of the baby trees have survived and grown to producing age, and the yearly crop of apples from these trees brings in the markets, at the lowest calculation, twelve million



Courtesy of the Illustrated World

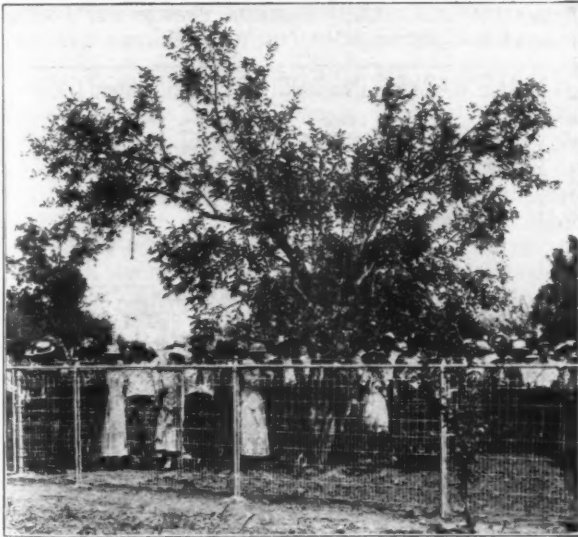
A MONUMENT TO AN APPLE

It stands in Madison County, Iowa, and is dedicated to the first of the “Delicious” apple trees.

dollars annually. Therefore, says Robert H. Moulton, in the *Illustrated World*, the fifty-year-old tree, near which has been placed the memorial—a granite boulder suitably inscribed—may call itself the \$12,000,000-a-year apple tree.

Australians and New Zealanders eat

Delicious apples from approximately two hundred thousand trees growing in their orchards. In China, we read, more than fifty thousand Delicious trees are producing, and in Japan a similar number. Korea has more than ten thousand. In Africa about fifty thousand trees have been planted. They abound in Europe. Canada has nearly four hundred thousand trees, Mexico and Brazil about two hundred and fifty thousand each and Argentina three hundred thousand. Elsewhere in South America it is estimated that one hundred thousand Delicious trees have been planted. All these trees have been propagated in Iowa and



Courtesy of the Illustrated World

A TREE WITH A REMARKABLE RECORD

At the age of 53, it still bears abundantly, and its offspring is said to number 7,500,000 trees throughout the world.

Missouri and shipped out within a quarter of a century. Their biographer says:

"Back in the 50's of the last century a young Quaker farmer left his home in Indiana and settled in Madison County, Iowa, near the little town of Peru. Jesse Hiatt was his name. In the Hoosier State he had grown up as an apple expert. He loved the apple and apple tree with the love of one who knew the secrets of the science of growing the fruit. To him an apple was an institution, and a new apple was an event.

"The new settler planted an orchard shortly after he acquired his farm. He made a specialty of apple trees. He grew trees of the popular varieties of that time, always seeking something newer and better. One day in the spring of 1872 he found that a Bellflower seedling in his orchard had died, but from the root had sprung a tiny shoot. A few days later Hiatt passed that way again. The little shoot was climbing upward with sur-

prising rapidity. It showed an unusual ruggedness. He would watch that sprout and see if it were worth while.

"A few years later the Bellflower orphan reached the producing point and, in 1893, Hiatt shipped some specimens to be exhibited by the Stark Nurseries at Louisiana, Missouri. A contract with Hiatt was entered into whereby the right to propagate and market all scions from the tree was given. The name Stark Delicious was copyrighted and the plan adopted of sending out each shipping season a few young Delicious trees free with the various orders going to different parts of the country. Letters began to come in, at first gradually and then by wholesale. Everybody wanted to know the name of the new apple which didn't taste like other apples, but had a distinctive flavor all its own. They wanted to plant more of the trees. And thus the Delicious apple had started on its unprecedented career toward national and, eventually, international recognition and popularity."

WHAT 6,000,000 AMERICAN FARMERS DID LAST YEAR

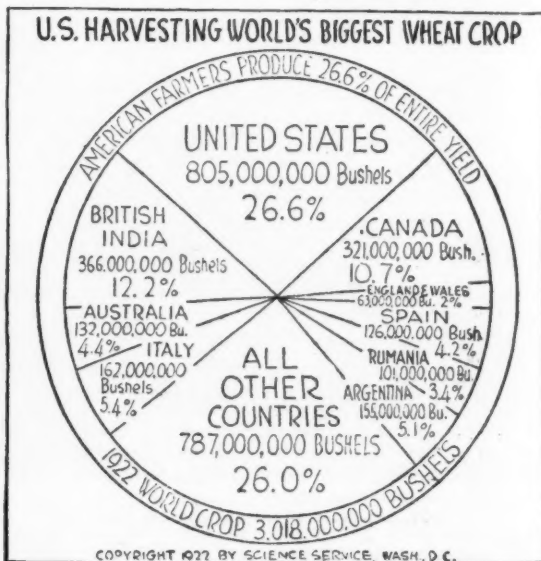
APPROXIMATELY 6,000,000 American farmers harvested last year 805,000,000 bushels of wheat, the world's largest crop, according to official reports to the Agriculture Department.

The American crop was got under cover at a time when practically the entire world was short of wheat.

Farmers throughout the United States are likely to realize better and better price for their product, it is indicated, as a result of poor crops throughout most of Europe.

The American crop constituted 26.6 per cent. of the total world crop estimated officially at 3,018,000,000 bushels, in round numbers. This total does not include the crops of

Russia or Mexico. Prewar world wheat production (including Russia and Mex-



ico) amounted to approximately 2,800,000,000 bushels annually. The yield last year was 3,059,000,000 bushels.

In the 1922 harvest estimates, however, only the United States, Canada and Australia are shown as having yields materially greater than in 1921.

France is planning to import approximately 1,000,000 metric tons of bread grain, mostly wheat, according to official reports to the Department of Commerce. The German Government, in view of a short crop, had undertaken food provisioning measures and expects to be obliged to import at least 2,000,000 tons. The Italian Government is asking for bids for wheat at the present writing.

Throughout Europe meat consump-

tion is falling off and a steady increase is reported in the demand for vegetables and grains. This is despite the fact that in France the wheat crop is estimated at from 15 to 20 per cent. below that of 1921.

Incidentally, our export trade has been increasing steadily since last February, official reports show, in direct proportion to the increase in the value of foreign currencies in comparison with the dollar. When foreign currencies take on added value the price of American goods is reduced to foreign buyers, although no reduction occurs in the cost to sellers. Rising foreign exchange therefore makes it easier for American salesmen to win orders abroad.

JOHN BULL A POOR SECOND TO UNCLE SAM AS A TELEPHONE TALKER

THE extraordinary backwardness of the English telephone is emphasized in a statement just published by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in which we read that the world possesses 20,850,550 telephones, of which no less than 13,329,379 are in the United States, while Great Britain has only 985,964, or one-fourteenth as many. Canada, with a scanty population, has 856,266 telephones, or almost as many as are credited to the British Isles. The United States had very nearly twice as many telephones as all the other countries of the world combined. For every hundred inhabitants the number of telephones was as follows:

United States..	12.4	Switzerland	3.8
Canada	9.8	Germany	3.0
Denmark	7.7	Holland	2.4
New Zealand...	7.0	Austria	2.2
Sweden	6.6	United Kingdom	2.1
Hawaii	5.6	Finland	1.3
Norway	5.0	France	1.2
Australia	4.3	Cuba	1.1

The British Isles have thirteenth place among the nations of the world

and range after poverty-stricken and backward Austria which has 4.7 telephones per hundred population, while for the whole of the United States there are 12.4, or nearly three times as many. In San Francisco there are 29.4 telephones per hundred people. New York alone has about as many telephones as the whole of the United Kingdom.

In the London *Saturday Review*, which deplores the backwardness of the British in installing telephone service, we read that in the United States "more than 2,500,000 farms have telephones," notwithstanding the gigantic distances of the country. In England, which is so favorably situated for developing farm telephones because of short distances, farm telephones are practically unknown. In innumerable instances American crops and animals have been saved by telephonic warnings of impending frosts, approaching gales and cloudbursts, etc. While the English farmer sends his stuff to market and places himself at the mercy of the middlemen, the American farmer does his business over the telephone,

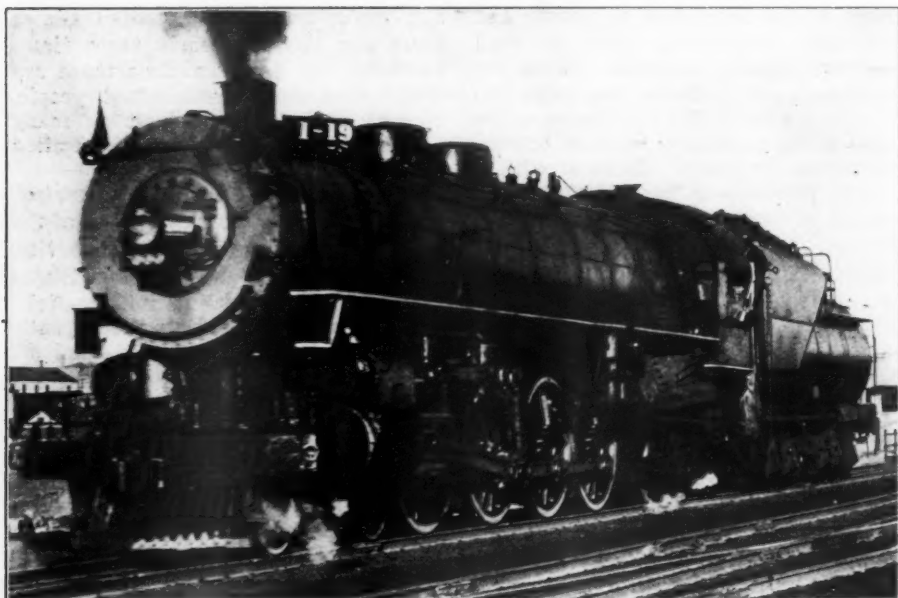
watches the market and makes use of a favorable moment."

It has frequently been asserted by official champions of the British telephone that the American telephone is more expensive than the English, and figures have been given in support of this contention. It is very difficult to compare charges in the two countries because charges differ everywhere in the United States. Besides, the standard of money, of pay and of living is very different. The fact that the telephone is to be found in practically every American town house, while it is still a luxury in England, suffices to show that the American telephone is far cheaper than the British, that it is within reach of all.

The extraordinary progress of the American telephone must be ascribed to practically unrestricted private management. While other nations have tried to develop the telephone on bureaucratic lines or to control it through the bureaucracy, the United States

have given a free field to private enterprise. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company consists of 26 Associated Companies of the Bell System, 9,264 independent companies connected with the Bell System and more than 26,000 cooperative companies connected with it. According to the text-books, monopolies and trusts mercilessly fleece the consumer. That reproach is not levelled at the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

We are told that the British telephone was stifled and kept back while in private hands, until it was acquired by the government. Nevertheless "the inefficiency and dearness of the British telephone are no doubt largely due to bureaucratic management." It does not seem probable to the *Saturday Review* that the British bureaucracy will be able to create a telephone service comparable to that of America where from 700,000 to 800,000 new instruments are added to the service every year and improvements are continually introduced.



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THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

It is 100 feet long, 15 feet 10 inches from rail to smokestack and weighs 291 tons, with drive-wheels more than 6 feet in diameter. The Union Pacific is installing 54 of these huge engines.



Irvin Cobb, Our Leading Literary Heavyweight

A GROUP of ten literary men—editors, critics, readers and writers—were dining together in New York City recently. Discussion arose as to the respective and comparative merits of living American writers. It was decided that each man present should set down on paper his first and second choices in various specified but widely divergent fields of literary endeavor, and that then the results should be compared. The outcome of the ballot was such as to give Irvin S. Cobb a kind of primacy in contemporary letters. His name headed the list of humorists. As an all-round reporter and as a local colorist he was first. He also had first place as a writer of horror yarns. He tied with Harry Leon Wilson for second place as a writer of light humorous fiction, Tarkington being given first place in this category. As a teller of anecdotes he won by acclamation over all competitors. Altogether, his name appeared on eight of the ten lists.

This evidence of Cobb's popularity, made public by Robert H. Davis, well-known literary impresario, in the New York *Herald*, should properly be linked with a

story told by Thomas L. Masson, former editor of *Life*, in his new book, "Our American Humorists" (Moffat, Yard). The story has to do with Mr. Cobb and George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It seems that one day Mr. Lorimer went out to a newsdealer to see how his pa-



Photo by Blank & Stoller

A NATURAL MAN

"I have no doubt," says Thomas L. Masson, former editor of *Life*, "that Irvin Cobb thinks that he is homely. On the contrary, he is handsome. I don't know of any man that I would rather look at than Irvin Cobb, and I am not joking about this. He has all the human qualities. And when he talks I could listen to him all the time."

per was selling. The newsdealer said: "They ask me if there is anything in it by Cobb. If there is, they buy it. If there isn't, they don't." Thereupon Mr. Lorimer said: "I must cut out Cobb."

Mr. Cobb is the author of some thirty books. His latest, "J. Poindexter, Colored" (Doran), is the only novel that he has written. His next, "Stickfuls" (Doran), is to be an autobiography. For several months he has been running in the New York *Sun* his favorite stories. These stories, in the field of humorous anecdote in which he is an acknowledged master, are copyrighted by the McNaught Syndicate and will doubtless be collected in book form. They are repeated almost as widely as they are read.

Here is one that Cobb calls "Bordering on the Unreasonable":

"The hero of this story was one of those persons who accept whatever happens as a manifestation of the divine power. It was not for him to question the workings of a mysterious Providence.

"Misfortune dogged his footsteps, yet never once did he complain. His wife ran away with the hired man. His daughter married a ne'er-do-well who deserted her; his son landed in the penitentiary; a cyclone destroyed his residence; a hail-storm spoiled his crop and the holder of the mortgage foreclosed on his farm. Yet at each stroke he knelt and returned thanks to the Almighty for mercies vouchsafed.

"Eventually, pauperized but yet submissive to the decrees from on high, he landed at the county poorhouse. He still was able-bodied. Until now his members and faculties, at least, had been spared. The overseer sent him out one day to plow a potato field. A thunderstorm came up, but was passing by when without warning a bolt of lightning descended from the sky. It melted the plowshare, stripped most of his garments from him, singed off his beard and mustache, branded him on the back with the initials of an utter stranger and hurled him through a fence.

"Slowly he got upon his knees, clasped his hands and raised his eyes to heaven. Then, for the first time, the worm turned:

"'Lord,' he said, 'this is gittin' to be plum ridiculous.'"

A second of Cobb's stories, called "Delivered Through a Middleman," shows how humor can be wrung even from the World War:

"In the year after the great war started—which was more than a year before we got into the mess—there was a German who ran a saloon in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Close by was a munition factory where explosives were being manufactured for the Allies. As one who had a sympathy for the cause of his Fatherland, the German nursed a deep grudge against the industry. He included the operatives in the plant among his enemies.

"One day, as he sat behind his bar, a husky Irishman in overalls entered.

"'Say,' he began, 'I'd like to open a small account with you. I'd like to come in here for me drinks and on Saturday night whin I get paid off I'll come over and settle.'

"'Vell,' said the German, 'for my regular customers sometimes I put it on de slate; only, you are a stranger to me. Where you work?'

"'Right across the street here,' said the Irishman.

"'In the munitions factory? Nutt'n doin'!"

"'Well, they told me,' said the Irishman, 'that you was kinda sore on us fellers over there, but I was thinkin' that if you knew we was makin' shells for the Germans now maybe you'd act different.'

"The Teuton's face broke into a smile.

"'For the Chermans now you make 'em, eh? Say, dot's fine. Have somedings on me. We drink together, huh?'

"They drank together. Three times more, as rapidly as the Irishman emptied his beer glass the German replenished it, each time stating that for this festive occasion, at least, there would be no charge for the refreshment. The hospitable rites having been concluded the new patron was moving toward the door when the German was moved to put a question. Until now, in his exuberance, he had forgotten to ask for details.

"'Say,' he said, 'how you get dose shells over to der Chermans?'

"'Well,' said the Irishman, edging a little nearer the door, 'we don't exactly send 'em direct, you understand.'

"'No? Then how you do it?'

"'Oh, we sell 'em to the English and they shoot 'em over.'"



Whatever else may fail

Linking city, village and farm, crossing mountain and wilderness, the telephone system challenges Nature in her strongholds and battles her fiercest moods.

Out on his lonely "beat" the telephone trouble-hunter braves the blizzard on snow-shoes, body bent against the wind, but eyes intent upon the wires.

North, south, east, west—in winter and summer, in forest and desert—the telephone workers guard the highways of communication. Traveling afoot where there are no roads, crawling sometimes on hands and knees, riding on burros, or motor-

cycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

Whatever else may fail, the telephone service must not fail, if human effort can prevent it. This is the spirit of the Bell System.



"BELL SYSTEM"

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service*

FINANCE & INVESTMENT

FOR a long time business was "on the fence," so to speak, waiting for several things to happen. To a certain extent business is still on the fence but has a decided leaning toward the right side—indeed, is already toppling over. Any observer can see that business is a lot better than it was six or eight months ago, but, although the stage is set with many of the accessories that make for real expansion, and many factors are present which, ordinarily, would bring about "boom" times, it is easy to see that nothing of the kind is happening—instead, a slow, steady, healthy improvement is taking place which augurs well for permanency. In point of fact, not many of us want to see "boom" times, because it is only the few who would prosper thereby. To the common man it would mean higher prices without very much to balance the other side of the account.

It will take a long time to iron out all of the inconsistencies that crept into business during and after the war. They are not all smoothed out yet by any means, but the process is going on and there is hope that a little more time will effect a complete remedy. What people most want is stability in business so they may know about where they stand and be able to plan for the future with some degree of confidence. They want to see reasonably stabilized prices and an end of the profiteering habit that obtained such a hold in the mind of sellers during the last "boom" that it hasn't been shaken out yet. This is considered one of the chief causes of a halting business. The public resents what it considers an imposition and demands that a stop be put to the practice.

Briefly stated, some of the factors which have acted, and to a certain ex-

tent are still acting, as a curb upon business progress are:

The strong position into which middlemen have succeeded in placing themselves, enabling them, often, to draw down, individually or collectively, several hundred per cent. profit on the necessities of life—foodstuffs and building material particularly.

The uncoordinated relation existing between wholesale and retail prices of most things.

The stiff attitude of labor which refuses to be deflated.

The high cost of selling, said to be anywhere from three to five times the cost of manufacturing.

The new tariff—the highest in our history—and the uncertainty as to the effect it is going to have on business and prices. Its advocates tell us it will lower prices; its enemies, that it will tend to raise them. The common man doesn't know which is right and must wait and see.

The European situation—not always recognized at its true value in making for instability in American business. There are many who believe that settled American business conditions cannot be reached so long as the enormous debt owed this country abroad is in its present unsettled condition. It is quite generally thought, however, that, when it is learned just how much of the debt must be cancelled—if any—and when the remainder is taken out of the simple I. O. U. class and placed on a businesslike funded basis, that the effect upon business will at once be apparent—in other words, uncertainty will be removed, and uncertainty never makes for advancement.

We have put forward, first, some of the factors that are working to hold business back in order that it may

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- 6 **Is The Title Clear?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells a sure way of insuring against loss through faulty title.
- 7 **What Is The Moral Character Of The Borrower?** As important as proper management — explained in this interesting booklet.
- 8 **Who Offers The Securities You Buy?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why even the experienced investor must depend for safety entirely upon the reputation and length of service of the Banking House offering the investment. It tells of the conservative policy of painstaking investigation and selection which has made it possible for George M. Forman & Company to sell bonds for 37 years without loss to a customer, large or small.

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more clearly stand out that, in spite of them all, serious as they may appear to be, business isn't paying much attention to them, but is jogging along on its upward career quite unconcerned. Should all of the brakes be removed at once it would require heroic measures to avert the inflation which would follow.

The first of the year brought endless proofs of a steady improvement in business, together with the usual crop of optimistic prophecies for 1923 from the shining lights of economics and industry. One of the first and foremost reasons upon which these prophecies are based is the favorable position of the banks throughout the land, with their enormous accumulation of gold and other reserves.

As for the farmer, Mr. Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, predicts better times for him, saying that prices for his major crops, which were good last year, will be better this year and, although the price of the things he must buy will be higher, also, there will be a substantial difference in his favor — a difference sufficient to make for his prosperity.

The Department of Labor points out that an actual shortage exists in labor throughout the entire country, and the Interstate Commerce Commission tells us that the record of idle cars is at the minimum.

Mr. A. H. Smith, of the New York Central Railroad, is fearful that an actual car shortage is likely to develop at any time under conditions of present business activity.

Mr. Frederick Rupprecht, who, last year, put together an enormous combination of New England cotton mills, is sure of the immediate future of the cotton-goods industry and that higher prices will prevail. He bases his price conclusions on the fact that raw cotton is high, and he thinks it is going to remain high because of the relatively small production and carry-over of the last few years.

Mr. Rovenski, of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, looks for business improvement all through 1923, but doesn't expect it to be so rapid nor so marked as last year. (Cont. on page 238)



A Practical Bond Record Booklet

We have arranged this Bond Record Booklet for listing securities to show accurate account of maturities, rates, denominations and normal tax paid. A record of these points will assist you to prepare your income tax report, as well as remind you when coupons are due.

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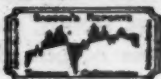
Tear Out Memo



Clip off here

Memo for Your Secretary

Write Babson Statistical Organisation, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Booklet B88, "Getting the Most From Your Money," and recent report, gratis.



Mr. Gompers says there will be no wage-cuts this year, and he usually has his way. The steel trade, according to its chief exponents, is sure to hold its 1922 gains and is expected to do much better, while Mr. Baruch, admitting that good times are really here to last through the present year, at least, predicts that a settlement of the German indemnity and of the question of payment of foreign debts to this country will operate to make better, more stable, and more enduring good times than the world has seen for many a day.

It is unsafe and inadvisable to say much about the stock market in these columns, and we refer to it now only as regards its bearing on the business situation. It is generally recognized that, as business conditions improve, the first signs of better times are seen in the stock market operations which usually discount business conditions by from three to six months. There has been a "bull" or a semi-"bull" market in progress for several months. The consensus of opinion of "The Street," as expressed by its (Continued on page 241)

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turr. Paul Bernarr was named in part after the founder of Physical Culture.

Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.
July 1, 1922.

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(Signed) Theodore Humphrey.

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At the Rothrock Studio display window there is an enlarged picture of a healthy looking baby hanging by one hand to a clothes-line six feet above the ground.

The baby, which is only five months old, is a son of Theodore Humphrey, of Phillipsburg. Mr. Humphrey is a physical culture enthusiast, and by physical culture methods he trained the infant to do the stunt, beginning when it was but two months old.

"It was possible only through careful exercise and restricted mother's diet, mostly **Whole Grain Wheat** and milk," Mr. Humphrey said, adding that Dr. W. W. Andrews can vouch for the baby's age.

—From Phillipsburg (Pa.)
Daily Journal, June 21, 1922.

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(Continued from page 238)

leading lights is that this upward movement has about run its course and that, in the early spring, a change may be looked for. Perhaps in this fact is found one of the reasons why good times in business are now looked for.

Another reason is found in the constantly increasing ratio of loans to deposits in the large commercial banks. So long as business conditions remain unsettled, manufacturers and merchants hesitate about expanding their legitimate lines, and funds which should find their way into commerce are diverted into the stock market. During such periods the ratio of bank loans to deposits is low—near parity—or, rather, the banks are loaning only about as much money in commercial transactions as they have on deposit. With the return of more stable conditions commercial loans increase, taking funds away from the stock market and the bank ratio begins to rise—in other words, more money is being loaned than is on deposit.

It is considered a fairly safe guide to follow this ratio. All during the "bull" market of last fall it was kept at a low point—near parity. It is now rising—forecasting a decline in stock-market operations and an advance in commercial business operations.

As we pointed out last month, there are men whose opinions, from a standpoint of experience, should count for something with those who hold a gloomy view for 1923. It seems to the writer of these columns, however, that there can be no two ways of looking at the conditions we have endeavored to depict. We all want a moderate degree of prosperity and are going to get it. A general prosperity, however, doesn't mean the same thing, directly, to all of us. It points to high prices, at any rate, because good business and high price-levels go hand in hand.

In spite of all handicaps there can be but little doubt that 1923 will be, generally speaking, a prosperous year—not necessarily a "boom" year—and we may as well make up our minds now that prices are going to advance or, at least, remain high, and govern ourselves accordingly.



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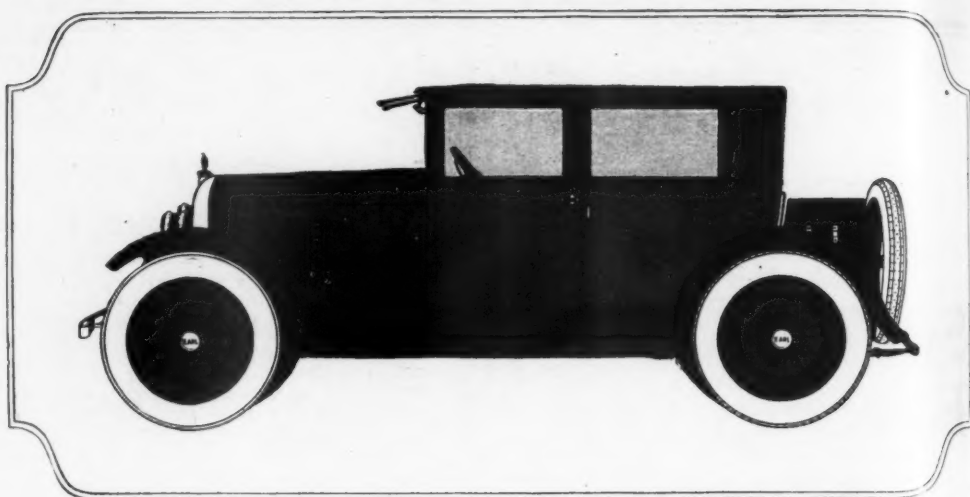
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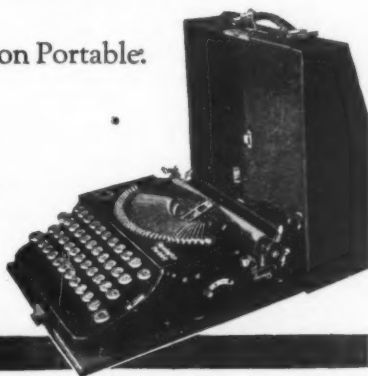
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(Continued from page 181)

"Glad!" he said; "glad to have every-
body laughing at me! glad to have my
wife run off with a runt . . ." he raved,
while in Victoria amazement strove with
anger. She had come to offer her love.
Secure in the delight of her mate, with
joyful news of all difficulties solved, and
he raved: "Gone with that rat. *My wife.*
My wife cleared out. Oh, a weasel will
mate with a weasel! Blind! blind! And
I—and I—looking at them talking over
the fence. I never dreamed. I thought
they were jealous! Time and time again
I've seen them and never dreamed. . . ."

Victoria drew herself apart, watching
his fury. Then suddenly she collapsed.
Mirth rocked her, the malicious laughter
of all time shook her peal on peal. Her
laughter rang through Julia's empty house.

SANTOS had landed from his vessel a
god, master of fate, stronger than
death. He was going to claim his woman
arrogantly. Like a god he was prepared
to trample under foot the small moralities.
Now, behold, he was the butt of the cen-
turies, the most ridiculous creature on
earth, a betrayed husband. Betrayed by
his creature Julia, while his woman, Vic-
toria, laughed.

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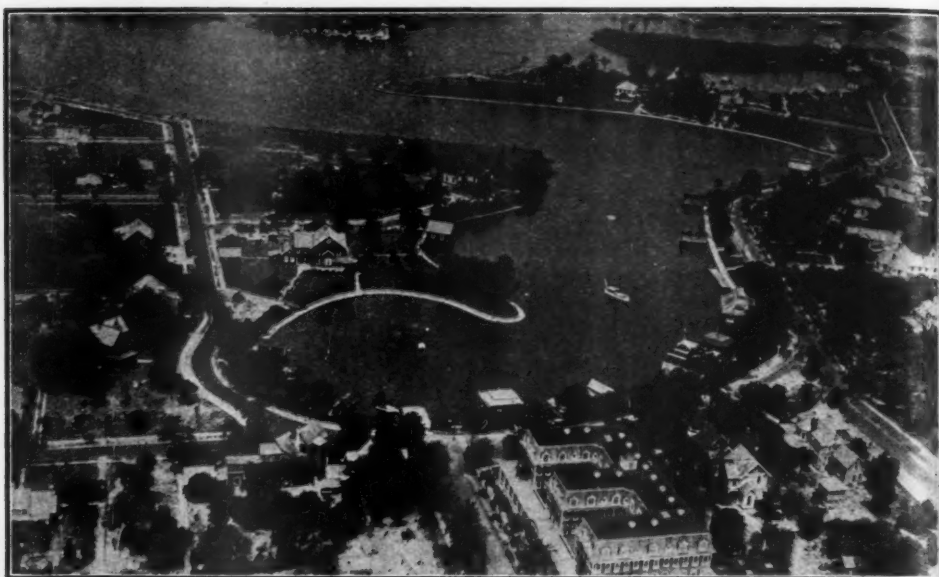
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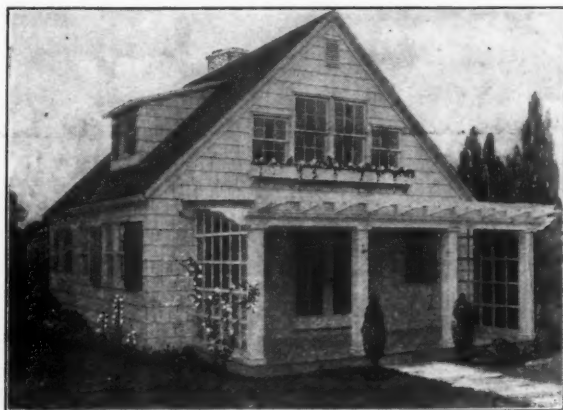
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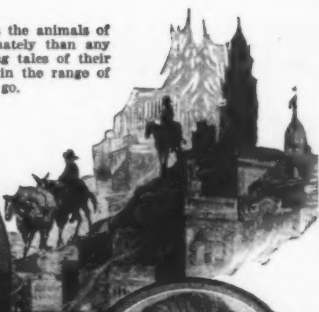
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